



















ALQUIPISO STOOD VERY STILL LOOKING UP INTO THE SKY.

# JOYFUL STAR: INDIAN STORIES FOR CAMP FIRE GIRLS

BY

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Author of "Glooscap, the Great Chief," "Story Telling  
in School and Home," etc.

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## PREFACE

In this collection of legends, my aim is to present to the reader a picture of the life and the ideals of the Indian maiden and mother as they are illustrated in the legends, folk-tales, and a few historical accounts from various tribes and nations of Indians in North and South America.

The making of such a collection has proven a much more difficult piece of work than I had anticipated; but it has been most interesting and profitable. This work has opened wide a new world to me; it has filled me with respect and admiration for the Indian woman.

It seems that the Indian woman is wise, is brave, and withal is gentle, modest and affectionate: she is a devoted wife, living her life of labour with quiet cheerfulness: she is a tender mother, training her children with the most precise care, infusing into the minds of her young sons the ambition to become the bravest warriors, or the most skilled hunters, and educating her little daughters, from their very babyhood, to fill their place in the tribal life with the greatest efficiency.

From almost every phase of the Indian woman's life and experience, her white sister may learn lessons of inestimable value.

With this thought, I am sending out these legends for the use of Camp Fire Girls and for all maidens who would turn aside for a time from the noisy highway, and follow the quiet trails through the forest, where once walked the Indian maiden with reverent love for the smallest flower at her feet, for it, too, partook of the nature of the Great Spirit, who cared for his children of the forest.

In my work, I have drawn freely upon Government reports, and research carried on under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute, upon Folk-Lore Journals, American Antiquarian Society Proceedings, Bulletins, etc., and many collections of legends. Among the writers who have been of especial assistance to me may be mentioned Bancroft, Brinton, Chamberlain, Cushing, Hale, Dorsey, Morgan, Powell, and Powers.

To my husband—for his many helpful suggestions from the time when the thought of the book first occurred to me—I would acknowledge my indebtedness:

To Mr. W. W. Canfield—for his kind permission to make use of his *Legends of the Iroquois*, from which most interesting work I have re-

told two legends,—I would render my thanks:

To Dr. Louis N. Wilson of the Clark University Library and his assistants, to Mr. Robert K. Shaw of the Worcester Free Public Library and his assistants, to Mr. Clarence S. Brigham of the American Antiquarian Society Library and his assistants, I desire to express my gratitude for their encouragement, and for their unbounded willingness to assist me in my work by loaning me books.

There is one, Dr. Alexander F. Chamberlain, who helped me by his kind advice and interest when I seriously undertook this work, over two years ago. His lectures have been a source of stimulation to me. He unstintingly and enthusiastically gave of his seemingly limitless knowledge of all that pertained to the life and thought of the Indian. I had hoped that he would write the introduction to this book, but he has been called by the Great Spirit to the Land of Souls, to the Island of the Blessed.

EMELYN NEWCOMB PARTRIDGE.

Worcester, Massachusetts,  
August 31, 1915.



"To the men, women and children of the Red Race of America, past and present, known and unknown, who, by living or by dying, have contributed to the health, happiness, wealth, wisdom, and peace of the world, this brief record of their deeds is dedicated by one who has sought to know them, and, in seeking, learned to love them." (Quoted from *Contributions of the American Indian to Civilization* by the late Professor Alexander F. Chamberlain in the *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society*, 1903-1904.).





# CONTENTS

	PAGE
ALIQUIPISO: A STORY OF GREATER LOVE	
<i>An Oneida Legend . . . . .</i>	3
HOW THE TREATY OF PEACE WAS MADE	
<i>A Sioux Legend . . . . .</i>	8
THE DEVOTED DAUGHTER	
<i>A True Story of the Shawnees . . . . .</i>	17
SACAJAWEA THE BIRD-WOMAN	
<i>A Story of Lewis and Clark's Ex-         pedition . . . . .</i>	20
AN ALGONQUIN LOVE SONG . . . . .	22
HOW LAWISWIS WAS RESCUED BY THE WHITE ROSES	
<i>An Oregon Myth . . . . .</i>	24
THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP	
<i>A Legend of the Pacific Northwest . . . . .</i>	28
WINONA THE SIOUX MAIDEN . . . . .	35
THE FOREST MAIDEN	
<i>A Micmac Legend . . . . .</i>	41
A CHIPPEWAY LOVE SONG . . . . .	47
THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD	
<i>A Peruvian Fairy Tale . . . . .</i>	48
THE TWO ROCKS IN PASSAMAQUODDY BAY	
<i>A Passamaquoddy Legend . . . . .</i>	56
THE BIRD BRIDE	
<i>A Peruvian Legend . . . . .</i>	60
THE MAIDEN OF MATSAKI	
<i>A Zuñi Story . . . . .</i>	63
THE LOVE OF CUSI-COYLLUR—JOYFUL STAR	
<i>A Peruvian Drama-Legend . . . . .</i>	78
HOW GENETASKA DESERTED HER TRUST	
<i>An Iroquois Legend . . . . .</i>	84

# CONTENTS

THE RESCUE OF ARSELIK	
<i>An Algonquin Tale . . . . .</i>	89
A SONG OF THE TAENSA . . . . .	94
HOW THE FIRST BATTLE CAME TO BE FOUGHT	
<i>A Legend of the Wintun of Sacramento Valley . . . . .</i>	95
MISS POUND-THE-STONES	
<i>A Maya Legend . . . . .</i>	98
THE MAIDEN WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FACE AND THE EVIL HEART	
<i>An Algonquin Tale . . . . .</i>	100
SAHAN THE ORPHAN	
<i>A Tlingit Legend . . . . .</i>	106
HOW WAKONTAS TESTED THE MAIDENS	
<i>An Ojibway Legend . . . . .</i>	111
THE PRIDE OF PEETA KWAY	
<i>An Iroquois Legend . . . . .</i>	116
THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PECANS	
<i>A Tale from the Caddo . . . . .</i>	121
A MAIDEN'S CURIOSITY	
<i>A Legend from the Western Coast . . . . .</i>	124
THE TRIUMPH OF THE EAST WIND'S DAUGHTER	
<i>A Tlingit Legend . . . . .</i>	129
OCHIGEASKW THE LITTLE SCARRED GIRL	
<i>A Micmac Legend . . . . .</i>	132
THE TURKEY GIRL	
<i>A Zuñi Legend . . . . .</i>	140
NIPON THE SUMMER MAIDEN	
<i>An Algonquin Legend . . . . .</i>	145
THE PUNISHMENT OF TIS-SE-YAK	
<i>A Legend of the Yosemite Valley . . . . .</i>	154
THE MAIDEN WHO WAS BLESSED BY THE BUFFALO AND THE CORN	
<i>An Arikara Tradition . . . . .</i>	157
THE TRUSTWORTHY ONE	
<i>A Tradition of the Caddo . . . . .</i>	160

## CONTENTS

THE MAIDEN AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR	
<i>A Ponka Legend . . . . .</i>	163
THE STORY OF NISH-FANG	
<i>A Hupa Tale . . . . .</i>	170
THE OGRESS AND THE MOTHER	
<i>A Legend of Vancouver Island . .</i>	174
KOROBONA THE STRONG OF HEART	
<i>A Guiana Legend . . . . .</i>	178
THE SECRET OF DOWANHOTANINWIN	
<i>A Sioux Legend . . . . .</i>	185
THE LAMENT OF AN IROQUOIS MOTHER OVER THE BODY OF HER SON . . . . .	190
NOTES . . . . .	192
GLOSSARY OF WORDS . . . . .	197



JOYFUL STAR:  
AND OTHER INDIAN LEGENDS FOR CAMP  
FIRE GIRLS





# JOYFUL STAR:

## AND OTHER INDIAN LEGENDS FOR CAMP FIRE GIRLS

### ALIQUIPISO: A STORY OF GREATER LOVE

An Oneida Legend re-told from Canfield's *Legends of the Iroquois*.

ONCE there lived a maiden named Aliquipiso. She was of the Oneida nation. This was in the days long before the Five Nations had banded themselves together; before Hiawatha had named the Oneidas the second nation in the confederacy, because they could give wise counsel. So, in the days when Aliquipiso lived, the Oneidas stood alone. There was no friendly tribe near to render assistance when they were attacked by enemies.

Aliquipiso, for twelve winters, had seen the earth wrapped in snow, when the great cliffs and boulders above the village were white and still; and the twelfth spring filled with songs of birds and fragrance of flowers had come to her.

In this alluring Springtime the village of the Oneidas was at peace. But one day their quiet

and happiness was wrested from them. A band of savage Indians from the north fell upon them; their warriors were outnumbered by the enemy; there were no friendly neighbours to help; they were surrounded by the savages except for the great cliffs behind them.

When the wise men and the warriors saw that they could no longer keep the cruel enemy from their village, they turned to the great cliffs for refuge. In the dark night they stole from their village, not a soul—not a weak old man nor a helpless babe was left behind. So secret was their path to safety, that the trail could not be discovered, although the savages hunted for it many days.

High above the village the Oneidas were hidden, hoping that the enemy would return to the north. The days passed; their small supply of food was gone and hunger was present with them. Then it was, that the Great Spirit spoke to Aliquipiso.

Aliquipiso did not see the Great Spirit. She was asleep; but in her heart she heard the words. When she awoke, she stood very still looking up to the sky. The Great Spirit had told her—little Aliquipiso—how she might save her people. Then she went to the place of the council,—for the wise men and the warriors had gathered together to consider a way of escape. Aliquipiso stood before them.

"Elder brothers, the Great Spirit has spoken to me," she said, not waiting to be called upon to speak. They looked silently at the earnest face of the child.

"Speak, my daughter," the chief said, at last breaking the silence.

"In my sleep under the trees, I heard the words in my heart. The Great Spirit told me that *I* must save my people. I shall wander near our village as if lost, and when they seize me and demand to know your hiding place, I will not tell them—not until they torture me more cruelly still. Then, at last, as if forced by them, I will promise to lead them to you. And this is what the Great Spirit has told me to do. I am to lead them along the narrow way on the cliffs below, and when we have reached the place high over the valley, I will give you a signal. Be prepared to hurl rocks and boulders upon the savages. So shall your enemies be utterly destroyed, and you—my elder brothers, and all my people shall be saved. These are the words of the Great Spirit that came to me while I was sleeping under the trees. I have spoken."

All were silent, and Aliquipiso stood motionless before them, her eyes fixed upon them.

"My daughter," the old chief at last said, "think again before you go out from among us, for you will never return to us."

Aliquipiso raised her eyes in surprise. "But, my father," she replied, "my people shall be saved. This the Great Spirit has told me."

So the wise men and the warriors said that she might go. And all that day she went about among her people, and they called her the princess of all the nation and the beloved, the chosen one of the Great Spirit. In the darkness of the night, Aliquipiso, full of courage, left them.

The next morning the savages found her wandering near the village. "Ah," they said, "she is lost. We will take her back to the village and find from her where her people are."

All things befell her just as the little maiden had foretold. And when it seemed that she could no longer resist their torture, she said that she would lead them to her people's hiding place.

When darkness fell again, the child, although faint from suffering and stumbling from weariness and pain, bravely led out the warriors, all eager to slay those in hiding. Close beside her were savages ready to strike her to the ground at the slightest suggestion of betrayal. She led them through narrow paths and hidden trails until, at last, they reached a place on the cliff high over the valley. The child stood as if about to roll aside a boulder and enter a cave.

The savages gathered around her, and *then*, she gave a shrill scream—her death cry, for at that instant those about her struck her to the earth. It was Aliquipiso's death cry, but it was the death cry to those about her also. For as she fell, there came, hurled from above, giant rocks and boulders, crushing the savages and carrying their bodies over into the valley below.

Then the Oneidas returned to their village, and when some of them went to the place where their brave little maiden Aliquipiso fell, they found in place of her body the dainty woodbine and the honeysuckle. The Great Spirit had changed her hair into the woodbine, and her child-body into the honeysuckle, which the Oneidas named "the blood of brave women," that they might ever be reminded of the child life sacrificed for them.

## HOW THE TREATY OF PEACE WAS MADE

A Sioux Legend, re-told from Eastman's *Old Indian Days*.

**I**T is told by our fathers, that in the long ago there happened once to be an encampment of the Sioux near the hunting grounds of their ancient enemy, the Crows. So our people were ever on the watch for a sudden attack from them. At night, they picketed their ponies within the circle of tepees, for safety, giving each horse a bundle of grass which had been gathered by the youths and maidens at sunset.

One evening, when Blue Sky, the Chief's beautiful daughter, was gathering the bundle of grass for her pony, a young brave approached her.

It was an ancient custom for a warrior to win the war-bonnet before seeking a maiden in marriage, and Matsoka, the young brave, greatly desired to do this. But Blue Sky, as she bent forward to gather the green grass, looked so alluring, that Matsoka's determination grew weak, and he said to her timidly:

"I had hoped to win the war-bonnet, Blue Sky, before approaching thee; but my desire for thee is so great, that I yield."



The warrior paused, hoping to receive at least an encouraging glance from the maiden, but such was not the fashion among our maidens. And Blue Sky looked steadily away from the youth.

"Sometimes, Blue Sky," he continued, "when I am alone on the prairie, there comes to me the longing to be with thee alone, following the trail over the great prairie of life."

Still the maiden made no sign of having heard him, and Matsoka rode slowly away from her, wondering what her thoughts might be. Soon the two were with the others, gathered together enjoying their evening meal, with no outward token that there had been any serious thought between them.

The entire encampment had given way to light-hearted pleasure. Songs and laughter and stories were mingled with the sound of the munching of the ponies from the inner circle; about them the flames from the great circle of fires sent a cheerful glow; and high over them lay the clear, quiet sky.

Suddenly, another sound mingled with the laughter! The rushing of galloping ponies and the shrill war-cries of the Crow warriors as they rushed upon the surprised Sioux. But the Indian warrior is never really unprepared. Always has he his weapons beside him. So the Sioux bravely met the attack, cheered on by

the war-cries of their wives and mothers and the old men and even the little children. These Sioux women would show their enemies that *they* could not be cowed by any such surprise! And so throughout the long night, the warfare continued, and when the faint, grey light of the morning appeared, there were scattered upon the ground the bodies of many brave Sioux warriors. And the people said:

“They died the death they desired. The death of brave warriors defending their own. We do not mourn for them.”

After the Sioux had buried the dead, in decorated grave lodges as became honoured warriors, they moved their encampment farther up the valley among the hills. And here they built a great council tepee, and the people met to give each warrior the credit belonging to him in repelling the attack of the Crows, for this was an ancient, honoured observance.

The great circle of people awaited in silence the voice of their leader, who was one of the old men. At length the silence was broken, and he addressed them.

“The first honour belongs to Brave Hawk, who fell in battle. He bravely charged the Crows. He struck their chief from his horse. He caused them to return to their own hunting grounds.”

"It is true," the warriors answered. And then the circle parted, and in the deep silence that followed, there came forward Blue Sky leading her brother Black Hawk's horse to receive the honours which would have been conferred upon Black Hawk had he been living. After this had been done, Blue Sky remained within the circle beside the orphan steed. Again the leader spoke:

"The second honour belongs to Matsoka, the White Bear." And before the old man could say more, Red Owl interrupted:

"No! It is to me they belong, I touched the chief's body second to Black Hawk."

"My brother," the old man answered, "the warriors who witnessed this thing give the honours to Matsoka."

Red Owl wrapped his blanket about him and sullenly went to his own tepee. He was the rival of Matsoka, both for warlike honours and for the love of Blue Sky. And Blue Sky had witnessed his humiliation! She had been within the circle. Red Owl, burning with indignation, could not submit quietly to the decision of the warriors, so he went out alone into the hills to fast and pray. He dwelt alone with the Great Mystery through the whole night, and through the long day until the sun was low in the west, then with a quiet mind, he turned

toward the encampment,—only to come unexpectedly upon Matsoka and Blue Sky standing together!

It was the first time they had met since they had gathered the grass bundles together, and now, at last Blue Sky had promised Matsoka to think the matter over. Even this faint encouragement made Matsoka's heart light with joy, and when, that night, the council-drum summoned the warriors to go on the warpath against the Crows, the sound brought happiness to Matsoka; for he would avenge the death of his beloved's brother. But to Blue Sky, the sound of the council-drum brought an untold fear: for she loved Matsoka.

In a few days the band of Sioux warriors were attacking a great encampment of the Crows, in a desperate struggle. In the end, the Sioux were forced to retreat, with the Crows in pursuit.

Red Owl and Matsoka had led the attack, and together they defended their warriors from the pursuing Crows. Then it happened that Matsoka and a Crow warrior fought together, and suddenly Matsoka found himself with a broken spear, his bow and arrows gone. And when he would have fled, some one, from behind him, struck his horse with an arrow, and the brave steed fell dead. Matsoka, alone, for Red Owl was speeding into safety—faced the enemy, and

with head erect, proudly walked toward them. In an instant he was surrounded by the Crows.

When Red Owl reached the band of Sioux, he suddenly drew an arrow and shot his own horse, and then taking his knife he pierced himself to the heart.

"Ah, alas!" they said. "Red Owl was so brave a warrior that he could not bear our disgrace."

But when Blue Sky heard of the fate of Matsoka, she believed in her heart that he was not dead. "They may be saving him for torture. Anyway, I will go to the Crow encampment and try to rescue him."

So that night, Blue Sky set out from the encampment as if riding her pony to water. Her faithful dog followed her, as if he understood her intentions. She rode slowly until beyond the sight of her people, then dismounting, she took from a hiding-place provisions, and moccasins and her sewing materials. These she packed upon her pony, and then rode away through the night.

Blue Sky knew that there were dangers in the darkness; many more for a woman than for a man to encounter. Besides the danger of meeting stray groups of Indians, there were wild animals and especially buffalos to jeopardise her safety. These lingered close beside her

trail at times, as if they knew that an unprotected woman rode near. But no harm came to Blue Sky, and when the morning light broke upon her, she dismounted and picketed her pony. Later in the afternoon, when she awoke from a sound sleep, Blue Sky determined to first discover the battlefield where they said that Matsoka had fallen.

Blue Sky must travel very cautiously now, for there might be a Crow warrior lurking near! So keeping a careful lookout, she advanced until at last she reached the battlefield where, scattered about her, were her own people, the fallen warriors of the Sioux. Then she saw the white horse of Matsoka. She went nearer and dismounted. She drew forth the arrow.

"Ah, alas!" Blue Sky mourned. "That is no Crow arrow! *That is the arrow of a Sioux!* This is Red Owl's treachery; but he has paid for it. He has taken his own life."

Blue Sky's plans were quickly made. She was now almost fully convinced that Matsoka had been reserved for torture. She would rescue him. She concealed herself until night had fallen, then entered the Crow encampment dressed as nearly like a Crow woman as she could. She carried a bundle, as if she held a baby. She walked through the encampment in the dim light, until she reached the council lodge. It was filled with people. Blue Sky



drew nearer and looked about her. Beside the chief, dressed in Crow holiday garb, sat Matsoka, as if he were a guest of honour. What could it mean?

The great relief and joy that swept through Blue Sky made her forget her own peril. And she thoughtlessly stepped nearer, where the light fell full upon her. Then she was startled by the sudden cry:

"A spy is in our midst! A Sioux! A Sioux!" And she found herself surrounded by strange, angry warriors.

But the chief, seeing her dauntless courage as she faced them, with head erect, said to her:

"Young and pretty daughter of the Sioux, what brings thee hither?"

"Thy brave warriors have slain my brother," Blue Sky answered, "and they have taken prisoner my lover. It is for his sake that I have risked my life and honour."

"Ah! The Sioux have brave women," the chief said. "Thou art the bravest woman I have ever seen. Know then, that thy lover was betrayed into our hands by one of his own people. Thy lover is brave,—but it was not his bravery that saved him. No! But because he so resembled my son who fell in battle, I have adopted him. He is now my son. But, brave maiden of the Sioux, thou shalt have my adopted son for thy husband."

So Blue Sky remained with the Crows, and married Matsoka, and as time went on, the old chief looked with such favour upon these children of their enemy, the Sioux, that there came into his heart the wish that there might be peace between the two people.

Then, it happened, that the chief summoned his tribe to the council lodge, and there he made known his desires. And all the people answered:

“It is well. It is well.”

Soon after this meeting, one day, Matsoka and Blue Sky, accompanied by many Crow warriors, and bearing rich gifts, returned to their people. And a treaty of peace was made between the two nations, which was kept for many moons and for many snows.

And it was thus that the treaty of peace was made.



## THE DEVOTED DAUGHTER

A TRUE STORY OF A SHAWNEE MAIDEN

Re-told from Hunter's *Memoirs*.

A SHAWNEE hunter, accompanied by his wife and daughter, went to a trading post of the whites to dispose of his pelts, venison, hams, and other articles of traffic. After the business had been concluded, the man and woman—both of whom had acquired a love for “fire-water” through the influence of the whites—began to indulge freely in liquor. Soon the Indian became maddened by the whiskey, and attacked his wife.

The woman, who was not in such a condition of inebriety as her husband, was able to escape from him and seek refuge in another place of entertainment. Here there were gathered a group of idle, young fellows, who urged more whiskey upon the squaw to induce her to give the war-whoop, or songs, or dances.

The maiden had followed her mother into this place to protect her as best she could. She could not be persuaded to touch the liquor, but clung obstinately to her mother. When, at last, the white people becoming disgusted with the drunken squaw turned her out into the

night, the daughter guiding her steps, sought a place of shelter for her poor, unfortunate mother. Out under the cliffs, three miles from the place of evil, the maiden, at length, found a spot where her mother might sleep protected from the wind and rain.

Now, the mother had charge of the horse, and it had wandered away. The maiden knew that if the horse could not be found, her father, in his condition of drunken fury, might kill her mother.

"I must seek the horse," she determined. So setting out in the midst of the cold, blinding rain and sleet, the Shawnee maiden wandered about in the darkness hour after hour, calling the horse by name. At daybreak, she chanced to find him and led him to her father in the village several miles away. Cold and weary, she returned to her mother deep in a drunken sleep. With a devotion, which touched the hearts of the white people who witnessed it, she helped her mother on her journey home.

But the fatigue of the long walk home, the exposure of the night out in the sleet and rain, brought on a violent cold which was followed by tuberculosis, and in a year the brave Shawnee maiden was dead. Her only regret at dying was that caused by the helplessness of her parents who had become so intemperate.

“White man want poison poor Indian,” she said. “Whiskey kill poor Peggy. Peggy’s poor daddy and mammy have no one help ’em when Peggy dead.”

## SACAJAWEA THE BIRD-WOMAN

WHEN Lewis and Clark made their expedition to the Pacific coast in 1804-5-6, there accompanied them Sacajawea, an Indian woman, whose husband acted as their interpreter. Sacajawea proved herself so superior to her half-breed husband, and so excellent a woman in every way, that constant references are made to her throughout the journal kept by those on the expedition.

Sacajawea belonged to the Snake tribe, but had been taken a prisoner in war when a child. She was sold as a slave to Charbonneau (the interpreter), who brought her up and afterwards married her. Lewis and Clark refer to her as one "who contributed a full man's share to the success of the expedition, besides taking care of her baby." And Sacajawea proved herself a mother worthy of praise. The baby boy was born in February, 1805, at Fort Mandan. "The little volunteer recruit joined the expedition and was brought safe back from the Pacific coast by one of the best of mothers."

On one occasion a squall struck a canoe containing their instruments and papers. While



SACAJAWEA AND HER CHILD.  
Statue in the park in Portland, Oregon.





Charbonneau, forgetful of the rudder of which he had charge, prayed to his household gods to save him, Sacajawea "to whom I ascribe equal fortitude and resolution with any person on board at the time of the descent, caught and preserved most of the light articles which had been washed overboard."

Sacajawea acted as interpreter to the first band of Shoshoni Indians they met, and enabled the expedition to secure ponies, without which they could not have crossed the Divide. When the members of Captain Clark's party were lost on their return journey, she guided them through the passes of Montana.

The explorers named a beautiful river after her. They refer to it as a "handsome river about fifty yards in width."

So Sacajawea, a humble Indian woman, the slave-wife of an ignorant, brutal man, by simply and naturally making the best use of every opportunity offered her, lives today in the record of the expedition, and in the name given by the Lewis and Clark expedition to the broad, quiet river:—Sacajawea, the bird-woman.

## AN ALGONQUIN SONG

COME, my loved one, let us climb that shining mountain,  
And sit together on that shining mountain;  
There we will watch the beautiful sun go down  
from the shining mountain.

There we will sit, till the beautiful night traveller arises above the shining mountain;  
We will watch him, as he climbs to the beautiful skies.

We will also watch the little stars following their chief.  
We will also watch the Northern lights playing their game of ball in their cold, shiny country.

There we will sit on the beautiful mountain,  
and listen to the Thunder bird beating his drum.  
We will see the lightning when she lights her pipe.  
We will see the great whirlwind running a race with the squall.



There we will sit, till every living creature feels  
like sleeping.

There we will hear the great owl sing his usual  
song, '*go to sleep all*,' and see the animals  
obey his song.

There we will sit on that beautiful mountain  
and watch the little stars in their sleepless  
flight.

They do not mind the song *go to sleep all*;  
Neither will we mind it, but sit more closely to-  
gether and think of nothing but ourselves  
On the beautiful mountain.

Again, the *go to sleep all* will be heard, and the  
night traveller will come closer to warn us  
that all are dreaming, except ourselves and  
the little stars.

They and their chief are coursing along, and our  
minds go with them.

Then the owl sleeps; no more is heard *go to  
sleep all*;

The lightning ceases smoking; the thunder  
ceases beating his drum;

And though we are inclined to sleep, yet we will  
sit

On the beautiful, shining mountain.

## HOW LAWISWIS WAS RESCUED BY THE WHITE ROSES

A Legend of the Oregon Indians, re-told from W. D. Lyman's *Myths and Superstitions of the Oregon Indians* in *Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society* N. S. Vol. XVI, Oct., 1903-04.

ON Mount Tacoma, in the long ago, lived Nekahni the Great Spirit, who tended his flocks of wild goats near the wide snow-covered fields. From this high place he looked down upon the red children and cared for them, and from here he ruled over the whole world.

Now, in the valley below dwelt Lawiswis, the most beautiful of all the maidens in the whole world. At her birth the sea shells had given her of their power and music, and the roses had given her of their fragrance and beauty. When she went to the seashore, the shells caught the morning dew and gave to her to drink, and when she visited the roses of paradise, they worshipped her.

Nekahni looking down upon the valley one day, saw Lawiswis, and straightway his heart was filled with a great love for the maiden, and he built for her a tepee upon the mountain side nearer the valley. The place was made of

white roses, as pure as the maiden Lawiswis herself. These roses were not like the roses that grow in this day, for they had no sharp thorns upon them.

Here in this beautiful place Lawiswis came to be the wife of Nekahni, and great joy dwelt in the heart of Nekahni and in the heart of the maiden Lawiswis. When Nekahni was absent on the mountain top conversing with Colesnass, the Winter; or Skamson, the Thunder bird; or Tootah, the Thunder Chief, he gave Lawiswis into the keeping of the white roses.

"Keep her from all harm," he charged them. And the roses answered him: "Have no fear, we will protect the maiden Lawiswis from all evil."

Far down in the valley in a deep gorge lived the evil spirit Memelek, horrible to behold. Her blanket was made of cougar skins fastened together with the fingers of slaughtered fairies whom she had destroyed. About her waist and neck, Memelek wore, instead of ornaments of shells, strings of serpents, and whenever she wished to destroy any one, she would unfasten the strings and say:

"My children, hasten to that one whom I would destroy, and cause him to feel my power."

Memelek hated Lawiswis because she was so

pure and beautiful, because her ways were not as the ways of Memelek, the *skookum* of great evil power. And Memelek was filled with fury because Lawiswis was happy in the love of Nekahni, in her tepee of roses high up on the mountain side. So this one of evil determined to destroy the maiden Lawiswis, and upon a day when she saw the flocks of wild goats far up on the snow capped mountain close beside the sky, she thought: "Now will I send my children to destroy that maiden Lawiswis, for Nekahni is far away on the mountain top caring for his wild goats." And Memelek hastened up the mountain side toward the tepee of white roses. She unfastened the strings of serpents about her neck and her waist, and said:

"My children, in the tepee of white roses dwells the maiden Lawiswis, that one blessed by the sea shells and the roses. Lawiswis dwells there happy in the love of Nekahni, never dreaming of the power of Memelek in the gorge by the swiftly flowing river. My children, hasten to the tepee of that one and destroy her in her place of white roses!"

The serpents answered: "It is well," and silently and swiftly they glided over the earth toward the place of white roses.

But the white roses were guarding the maiden, and they saw the messengers of that evil one, Memelek.

“How shall we protect her?” they said to one another. “Nekahni is far up on the mountain with his flocks, how shall we warn him?”

Nearer and nearer to the place of white roses drew the serpents, and great was the anguish of the white roses. Then they made themselves strong in magical power and sent a message through the air to Nekahni, telling him of the danger of Lawiswis. Far above them in the place of snow, Nekahni received the warning and gave the white roses of his great power. And just as the serpents were winding their bodies about the white roses, to fall upon the sleeping Lawiswis within, the flowers became a bright red, and long, sharp thorns covered their bodies. And the serpents, torn and bleeding, loosened their hold of the roses and fled back to Memelek in her gorge deep in the valley below.

Nekahni cursed Memelek with a great curse. “Forever shalt thou dwell in the dark gorge, Memelek,” he said. “Nevermore shalt thou have power to come into the light of the upper world and harm my children. This is thy punishment.”

From that time have sharp thorns grown upon rose trees, ever reminding us of how the maiden Lawiswis was rescued by the white roses.

## THE WILL-O'-THE-WISP

A legend of the Pacific Northwest, re-told from Phillips's *Indian Fairy Tales*.

ONCE upon a time there was a maiden named Hah-hah, the one with bright eyes. Hah-hah had a lover, Wah-wah-hoo, the son of the chief, and they planned to be married in mid-summer, when the salmon berries were ripe.

But Wah-wah-hoo's father did not know of his son's plans, and he arranged for his son to marry a maiden of another tribe. The father, Hyas Tyee, was a very powerful chief. He ruled his people; he ruled all the birds, and animals, and insects in the world; he ruled all people of the whole world, except the chief Klack-a-mass and his tribe.

Hyas Tyee and Klack-a-mass waged war against each other for many snows, and at last, weary of warfare, they met in a great council and decided to be at peace. And while they were smoking the pipe of peace, Klack-a-mass, knowing that Hyas Tyee had a son of marriageable age, said:



"Let this pledge of peace between us be sealed by the marriage of thy son with my daughter, Kla-klack-hah." And Hyas Tyee answered: "It is well."

Wah-wah-hoo knew nothing of his father's intentions, until just before the day of the wedding. Then very sadly he sought Hah-hah and told her that there was only one way of escape from his father's decision.

"Wilt thou go with me into a far country? We will seek a land where our people can never find us, there we will be happy, my beloved. There the Great Spirit above will care for us and protect us."

The few days left to Wah-wah-hoo before the wedding feast passed very swiftly. The last day came, and he sought Hah-hah.

She came to him, dressed in her finest robe of white doeskin, glittering with its embroidery of shells. And over her shoulders she wore a shawl, skilfully woven by her own deft fingers from the shredded bark of cedar. They sat among the bright flowers that smiled at them in the sunshine, not knowing of their sorrow, and again Wah-wah-hoo said:

"My beloved, come with me. Let us seek a new home, and forget about Kla-klack-hah."

And at last the bright eyed Hah-hah laid her hand upon Wah-wah-hoo's arm, and answered: "I will go with thee, my beloved."

Now, in the village of Kla-klack-hah, a great wedding feast had been prepared. The maiden, dressed in her wedding garments, waited hour after hour for Wah-wah-hoo. And all the tribe waited until the sun went down in the west for Wah-wah-hoo to come and claim his bride! In great anger, Klack-a-mass sent runners to Hyas Tyee demanding an explanation for this insult.

Hyas Tyee searched in vain for his son. He had fled. The maiden of the bright eyes, Hah-hah, was missing from the village, too.

"They have fled together. My son has dared to look lightly upon my commands. He shall be found," declared Hyas Tyee, "and he shall suffer punishment."

He sent runners about the country, everywhere, to find Wah-wah-hoo; but they returned, after many days. They could find no trace of him. Then the chief called together a council of all the birds, and insects, and animals, and fishes. And he demanded that they should find the disobedient Wah-wah-hoo for him.

"Fly toward the sky country," he ordered the eagle. "Watch for Wah-wah-hoo. Do not let him escape."

"Search the rivers and lakes," he commanded the fishes. "Do not let Wah-wah-hoo pass by thee."

"Spread out through the forests," he di-



rected the wolves, "and smell their trails. Discover their hiding place."

And to the serpent, he said: "Thou quiet, swift traveller, who doth unseen and unheard follow thy victims, glide thou over the earth and find the hiding place of that disobedient one." And he gave orders to the mosquitoes, and to the squirrels, and to the gulls, and to all the wild creatures of the earth, that they should seek Wah-wah-hoo.

Straightway the eagles mounted high in the air and watched for Wah-wah-hoo: and the gulls kept a lookout along the shores: the fishes swam through the rivers and lakes: the squirrels climbed the trees and watched and waited: yet none of these could ascertain where Wah-wah-hoo had gone.

But the wolves, scattered throughout the forest, soon discovered the trail. And the chief of the wolves said: "Wah-wah-hoo saved my life once. My people must not betray him." And all the wolves obeyed the word of their lord.

The mosquitoes found their hiding place, too. Howbeit one said: "Hah-hah saved my life once, we must not reveal her place of refuge." So the mosquitoes kept their faith with Hah-hah.

Now the bluejay is the chief of all the *little people* of the forests. And a bluejay told

them to hide Wah-wah-hoo from the sight of those who sought him. And after this was done, Wah-wah-hoo was safe from those who would find his hiding place.

When Wah-wah-hoo and Hah-hah had travelled many moons, they at last reached a bright valley, full of sunshine, between a broad, gleaming river and a high mountain.

"Here, my beloved," said Wah-wah-hoo, "we shall be secure. From this valley we can procure berries and fruits; from the water the fish, that the Great Spirit has placed there for our use; and from the forests, animals for food, and trees for shelter and warmth."

Wah-wah-hoo built a lodge of poles and closely covered it with bark. And then he fashioned a canoe, and spears, and bows, and many arrows. And while he busied himself thus, Hah-hah, the gentle, bright-eyed one, prepared the cedar bark fine and thread like, and wove soft blankets; mats of rushes made she, to cover the floor of their lodge; nets from the roots of the hemlock tree, Hah-hah fashioned, that fish from the river might be gained for their food.

The days for Wah-wah-hoo and Hah-hah were full of enjoyment and peace. And it seemed that they were safe from sorrow and trouble.

*But, who can tell why the Great Spirit turns his face from his children—and allows them to suffer?*

So it was with Wah-wah-hoo and the maiden Hah-hah. For one day, Colesnass, the winter wind, came from his home in the cold north. Colesnass, the Winter, visited the hiding place of Wah-wah-hoo. He covered the rivers and lakes with thick ice. He buried the earth in deep snow, and ever the cold winds blew and the thick snow fell.

Wah-wah-hoo could no longer catch fish from the water, or hunt game in the forest, and soon there was no food in their lodge. Then the fire grew low and dark, for there was no fuel to keep it alive, and soon Yelth, the raven, stole away the fire, and the lodge was cold and dreary. Wah-wah-hoo had no food to give Hah-hah, and no warm fire to keep her from perishing.

Then it was, that Colesick, the chief of the dead, entered the cold lodge and carried away the soul of Hah-hah. He left her cold body in the lonely lodge with Wah-wah-hoo.

Thereupon the soul of Wah-wah-hoo was filled with a great longing to follow Hah-hah, and he said: "Colesick would not take me, but I will follow him. I, too, will go to the Land of Souls. *I shall find Hah-hah, my beloved.*" Then he carried Hah-hah's body to a great rock which overhung the falls in the river.

Wah-wah-hoo sang his death chant and sprang into the swiftly flowing water. But, here, Wah-wah-hoo could not obtain his desire.

Here, the chief of the fishes rescued him and carried him to the lodge of his father, Hyas Tyee, the great chief.

"Thou art not fit for the companionship of human beings," his father said, in deep anger. "I will transform thee into a frog! Go! sit in the mud all day. Sing to me, that I may know that thou art afraid of men."

So, Wah-wah-hoo was changed into a frog by the magic of his father. And at night, he sings mournful little songs. He is calling to his wife, Hah-hah, the bright-eyed one.

And Hah-hah, as a spirit-maiden, wanders at night through the swamps and marshes seeking her husband. She holds a little white light high before her. But she can never find Wah-wah-hoo, for as she approaches him, Wah-wah-hoo, in fear, springs into the water. And the spirit-maiden wanders on, not knowing that she has been so near to that one whom she is seeking.

So, night after night, the faint glow from Hah-hah's lantern can be seen gleaming here and there among the reeds and marshes, and men called it *the will-o'-the-wisp*; but it is the light held by Hah-hah, the spirit-maiden, seeking her husband Wah-wah-hoo.

## WINONA THE SIOUX MAIDEN

Adapted from Keating's *Narrative of an Expedition to the Source of St. Peter's River, etc., in 1823.*

THERE once lived a Sioux maiden named Winona. She was the beloved of her father and mother, and of her brothers who were younger than she. Winona loved a young hunter, and they had planned to build their lodge as soon as Winona's parents gave their consent to the marriage.

The hunter approached the old people, one day. "My thoughts are of thy daughter, Winona. She of all the Wapasha maidens is the one whom I seek for my wife. And that one hath said to me, also, 'behold! I would choose thee of all others.' Therefore, give the maiden to me that she may brighten my lodge. I will supply her with venison and meat in abundance, and the days of the maiden's life shall be passed in peace and plenty."

Now, in this Sioux village of the Wapasha, there lived a warrior who had won the war-bonnet. Moreover, he had been honoured by all the nation for his brave deeds when the Wapasha village had been attacked by the Chip-

pewa. And this one, also, had sought the hand of the maiden from her parents. But this the maiden did not know. So when the young hunter, in great gladness of heart, sought Winona of her parents, he found his suit denied.

"We have given our daughter to a warrior. He has won the war-bonnet. He is loved and honoured by all the nation, so great and powerful in valour has he shown himself. Go thy way. Seek for thyself some other maiden, for to this warrior do we give our daughter, Winona."

The maiden turned aside from the wishes of her people. "To a hunter have I given my love. Him have I chosen of all others. To the lodge of this warrior I will never go. Let him seek another from among the Wapasha maidens," she said.

"This warrior is the bravest and the most honoured of all the Sioux warriors, my daughter," Winona's father urged. "Our daughter will be the wife of this one. She will be the mother of brave warriors."

"It is true that this warrior may bring me much honour," answered Winona, "but he will be away on the war path, and who will provide my children with food and clothing? Who will keep the cold and hunger of winter from our lodge, when this warrior is fighting the enemy? But the hunter whom I have chosen will never





WINONA.  
Statue in the park in Winona, Minnesota.





be long absent from our lodge. Always will there be an abundance of food and comfort in our lodge. Let it be, my father, as I have said. Let the warrior go away on the war path, or seek some other maiden; for I have chosen the hunter, and to his lodge only will I go."

All her life, Winona had been gentle and yielding in every way, and her parents believed that she would in the end be obedient to them if the hunter were driven from the village. This was soon accomplished, but in no way did this act of theirs weaken the maiden's resolution.

"I may not be able to marry that one whom I have chosen, so I will remain a maiden as long as I live, my father," she said. "I will never marry the warrior."

Then her parents believing that torture would force her to be obedient, began to use harsh measures. But Winona's brothers could not see her ill-treated.

"Do not force our sister to obey thy commands," they urged. "But rather let us persuade her." So they made rich presents to the warrior, to enable him to provide for Winona's comfort as abundantly as a hunter could do.

These acts of her brothers, although so well meant, did not weaken Winona's resolution. There came to her, at this time, this thought which grew into a determination.

"I will not ask to be allowed to marry the one I love, but if my parents do not allow me to remain a maiden, then will I choose that lonely trail to travel through which so many of the women of my tribe have preferred to go. I will choose death!" And so, when her parents used threats, and the warrior encouraged by her brothers' approbation, addressed her, although he knew her own thoughts upon the matter, Winona's resolution was formed.

"To-day will I go upon that journey. Before the darkness falls will I set out upon that trail over which the souls of the weary, unhappy women travel, dragging after them the tree that has given them their relief."

That very day, it happened, that Winona's family and many others of the village set out for a lake near by to gather blue clay. And when they had reached the place, Winona, replying to the threats of her father, said:

"Thou dost say that thou hast love for me, my parents and my brothers? Yet thou hast driven from me that one whom I love. Thou hast driven him from the village into the wilderness. Alone now he wanders with no one to help him; no one to spread his blanket; no one to build his lodge; no one to wait upon him. Alone he wanders. Yet was he the one of my choice. Is this thy love?

"Ah, my people! It seems that this is not

enough, for thou wouldst force me to rejoice in this one's absence; thou wouldst have me unite with this warrior whom I do not love, and with whom I could never be happy. This, then, is thy love! Let it be so. But, soon, my parents, thou shalt have no daughter; soon, my brothers, thou shalt have no sister; soon, my people, thou shalt have no relative to torment with thy false professions of affection. Farewell!"

Winona turned from them and slowly mounted the hill toward the high bluff that stood guard over the shore.

"This very day shall our daughter be united to the warrior," her parents said, as they watched her. Straightway all began preparations for the wedding feast to be held beside the lake. While they were thus occupied, a voice came to them from the high rock above. The winds carried the words to them. They listened.

"Thou hast shown me great cruelty, my people," Winona cried. "Even now thou dost make preparations for my wedding feast; but soon shalt thou see how well I can defeat all these, thy heartless plans."

The people below stood still, and fear filled their hearts. Then there came down to them Winona's song. *She was singing her death dirge!*

Then there was hurrying and confusion, and calling! "Winona! My daughter! My first born!" called her mother, stretching her arms upward toward the maiden.

Her brothers swiftly ran up the steep hill thinking to reach her before she would take the fatal leap from the rock. Others quickly sprang from rock to rock along the shore, that they might receive her body in their arms, should she carry out her purpose; and the proud father called:

"My daughter, only wait! Come back! Thou shalt have thy wish! Only come back to me, my daughter!"

But it was too late. Winona with outstretched arms, loudly singing her death dirge, made the great leap! And when they reached the spot where she had fallen, they found that she had started upon her journey over that trail along which passed the souls of those women of her race who were weary of heart and who desired rest.

## THE FOREST MAIDEN

A Micmac Legend, from *Glooscap the Great Chief* by E. N. Partridge.

IT was in the olden time, and two brothers went hunting in the autumn, far up a river, in the deep forest. And they built a wigwam there, and remained all winter.

In the early spring their snow-shoes and their moccasins were worn and torn, and one night they wished that a woman were there to mend them.

The younger brave returned to the lodge the next day before his brother, as usual, to prepare the evening meal—when, what was his astonishment to find that *some one had been there before him!* Their garments were mended; the lodge was clean; there was a bright fire; and the kettle was boiling.

He said nothing about these wonderful things to his brother that night.

The next night he came back at the same time, and he found that some one had been there again; and that all was ready for the evening meal. Again he said nothing; but in the morning, when he started out to hunt, he

went but a little way, and watched the door from a hiding-place.

Soon he saw coming toward the wigwam a beautiful, graceful maiden. She was well dressed and clean. She entered the wigwam, and the young brave drew near, and stepping softly, looked through a hole into the lodge, and watched her as she busied herself about the work of the wigwam.

Then he drew aside the blankets in the doorway, and stood before the maiden. She seemed frightened and confused.

"Have no fear," he said. "I will not harm you."

Soon they became friendly, and they sported together like children all day long. For they were both young.

When the sun was low, and the shadows grew long, the maiden said:

"I must go away now; I hear your brother coming, and I fear him. But I will come tomorrow."

She ran away through the forest, and the elder brother entered the wigwam. Still he knew nothing about the maiden.

The next day the maiden came again, and once more the two played in the sunshine and shadow until evening. But before she went, the young brave tried to persuade her to stay always; and she, as though in doubt said:



“Tell your brother all, and it may be that I will stay and serve you both, for I can make the snow-shoes and the moccasins, which you need so much, and I can also build canoes.”

Then she ran away, and when the elder brother came home, the young brave told him all that had happened.

The elder brother said:

“Truly, I should be glad to have some one here to take care of the wigwam for us.”

In the morning the beautiful maiden returned as she had promised. When she heard that the brother would consent to her coming to stay with them she was very glad, and ran off again as if in great haste.

At noon she returned, drawing a sled piled up with garments and arms,—for she was a hunter; and indeed, she could do all things, as few women could, whether it were cooking, or sewing, or making all that men need.

So the spring passed pleasantly, until the snow was gone; and then it was time for the hunters to return home. Until the maiden came, they had had but little luck in their hunting; but after that everything was changed, and now they had a great supply of furs.

One day they started in their canoes down the river toward home. But as they drew near to it, the maiden became sad. As they came to a point of land, she started and said:

“Here I must leave you. I can go no further. Say nothing of me to your parents, for your father would have but little love for me.”

The young men tried to persuade her to go with them but she only answered sorrowfully:

“No, it cannot be.”

So they went home without her.

Now the elder brother was so proud of their great luck in hunting that he must tell all that had befallen them, and about the young maiden who had come to be their housekeeper.

Then the father became very angry, and said:

“All my life I have feared this. This woman, I may tell you, is a devil of the woods, a witch of the *Mitche-hant*, a sister of the *Oonahgameess*, the goblins, and of the *Ke'tahks*, the ghosts.”

He spoke so earnestly and so long of this thing that they were afraid, and the elder, urged on by his father, went forth to slay the maiden. *And the younger brother followed him afar off.*

They sought her by a stream, and found her bathing. When she saw them coming, she ran up a little hill. And, as she ran, the elder brother shot an arrow after her. It struck her back, and they saw that there was a strange flurry about her, and a scattering, as of



feathers; and then they saw a little grey bird arise from the ground and fly away.

Then the brothers returned to the lodge and told their father all that had happened.

"You did well," he said. "I know all about those female devils, who seek to destroy men. Truly this was a she *Mikumwess*, a witch."

The younger brother could not forget his companion of the woods, and he longed to see her again. And one day, filled with this longing, he went by himself into the woods, *and there he found her!*—And she was as kind to him as before.

"Truly, it was not by my wish," he said, "that my brother shot the arrow at you."

"Truly, I know that," she answered; "and that it was all the doing of your father. Yet I do not blame him, for this is an affair of the days of old. And even yet it is not at an end, for the greatest is to come. *But let the day be a day unto itself only. The things of to-morrow are for to-morrow, and the things of yesterday are departed!*"

So they forgot their troubles, and played together merrily like children all day long, in the woods and in the open places, and told stories of olden times until sunset. And as the crow went to his tree, the young brave said:

"Now I must return to my people."

And she replied:

“Whenever you wish to see me, come to the forest. And remember what I have told you. Do not marry any one; for your father wishes you to do so, and he will speak of it, and that very soon. Yet it is for your sake only that I say this. You must not forget.”

Then she told him, word for word, all that his father had said about her; and yet the young brave was not astonished, for he knew *now* that she was not as other women. But he did not care, and he grew brave and bold; and when she told him that if he should marry another, he would surely die, it was as nothing to him.

Then he left her there in the forest, and returned to his own people; and the first words his father said to him were these:

“My son, I have found a wife for you, and the wedding must be at once.”

“It is well,” he said. “Let it be so.”

Then for four days they held the wedding dance, and for four days they feasted, but on the last day the young brave said:

“*This is the end of it all!*” And he lay down on a white bear skin, and then a great sickness came upon him, and when they brought the bride to him, they found that he was dead.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

## A CHIPPEWAY LOVE SONG

From *Schoolcraft*.

“**I** WILL walk into somebody’s dwelling,  
Into somebody’s dwelling will I walk.

To thy dwelling, my dearly beloved,  
Some night will I walk, will I walk.

Some night in the winter, my beloved,  
To thy dwelling will I walk, will I walk.

This very night, my beloved,  
To thy dwelling, will I walk, will I walk.”

## THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD

### A PERUVIAN FAIRY TALE

**F**AR over the Andes, in the little valley of Laris, there once lived a shepherd-boy. His name was Acoya-napa. He was kind and gentle to his flocks of white llamas which he tended for the Inca to sacrifice to the Sun. In the mountain pastures, high above his home, Acoya-napa strolled, day after day, behind his flocks, playing softly upon his flute.

It happened, one day, while Acoya-napa was playing to his flocks, that two daughters of the Sun, beautiful princesses, were wandering through the fields. They drew near at the sound of the music. They saw the gentle shepherd resting at his ease, and they asked him about the llamas.

Acoya-napa had not seen them, until they addressed him, and he thought: "It may be that they are spirits from the mountains," and so he fell upon his knees before them. He dared not answer their questions about the llamas. But they reassured him.

"Do not fear us, for we are the children of

the Sun, whose flocks thou carest for, and we wander over the green meadows or through the wide pastures on the mountains all the day long. When the grey twilight steals over the land, then we seek one of the mansions of our father, the Sun, for he has many palaces where we rest the night long. But, we may not enter until the guards have examined us to discover whether there be any necklaces or fillets about us. For should we carry such things with us into the palace of the Sun, great harm would come to us."

By this time, the shepherd's fear had died away, and he talked with the princesses and played sweetly for them until the rays of the sun drew nearer to the earth and cast beautifully coloured lights upon the snow-capped mountain-tops. Then Acoya-napa said:

"Twilight draws near, I must lead my flocks to their fold." And as he turned from them, the elder princess, Chuqui-llantu, detained him. She had been impressed by his grace and gentleness, and she felt a strange reluctance at having him leave her.

"What is thy name?" she asked, "and where dost thou live?"

And the shepherd pausing, answered her, "My name is Acoya-napa, and I live in the sheltered valley of Laris."

Then again Chuqui-llantu delayed his going,

asking him about the plate of silver which he wore over his forehead. There were two figures very skilfully carved upon it, that were eating a heart between them. Chuqui-llantu held the plate toward the sunlight, examining it closely, and then returning it to the shepherd, took leave of him and set out for the palace of the Sun with her sister. But all the way home, she could talk of no one but the shepherd. And she described the silver plate which glittered upon his forehead.

When the princesses reached the palace, the guards examined them, and finding nothing harmful about them, allowed them to enter. They found the women of the Sun preparing the evening meal, but Chuqui-llantu would not join them, she was weary, she told them, and desired rest.

When Chuqui-llantu was alone in her room, she gave way to her thoughts of the shepherd lad. And, at last, these thoughts grew into longings. Then she fell asleep, and a strange thing happened. In her sleep, a bird appeared before her and said:

“Why dost thou mourn, fair princess?”

“Ah, little bird,” the princess answered, “I mourn for that for which there is no remedy.”

“Only tell me thy trouble,” said the little bird, “and I will give to thee a remedy for it.”

So Chuqui-llantu told the little bird about the shepherd lad who guarded the white flock. "And I must die," she said, "for there is no cure for me but to go to him whom I love; and if I do so, then my father, the Sun, will order me to be put to death."

"Now follow my directions," said the little bird, "and all will be well with thee. Go at once to the garden and sit between the four fountains and sing there those thoughts thou dost have uppermost in thy mind. If the four fountains repeat the words after thee, then mayest thou safely do that which thy soul desirest."

Then the princess awoke. She was all alone in her chamber. There was no little bird there. She was terrified. However, the word of the little bird kept ringing in her ears, and she quickly dressed and hastened to the garden of the four fountains.

"Now what shall I say," thought the princess. Then she remembered the gleaming silver plate that Acoya-napa wore upon his forehead, and she described that in a little song. She had no sooner finished her singing, than to her amazement, the four fountains repeated after her, her very words. *Then* Chuqui-llantu knew that all would be well, that in some way she would be permitted to marry the gentle shepherd lad. So with a light heart, the prin-



cess of the Sun returned to her chamber and was soon fast asleep.

Now, Acoya-napa, the shepherd of the white flock, could not free his mind of the thought of the great beauty of Chuqui-llantu. Love was stirring his heart and he was downcast, for there was no hope. He took his flute and played such sad music that he shed tears, murmuring, "*Ay! ay! ay!* for the unlucky shepherd. Now, truly, am I approaching the day of my death. For there is no remedy for me, and there is no hope."

The shepherd's mother in the valley of Laris, knew by her magical power that sorrow had seized her son, and she knew that he must die unless she could help him. So early in the morning she hastened up the mountain-side to the little hut beside the sheep-fold, and there she found Acoya-napa asleep, his face wet with tears. She awakened him, saying:

"Do not be so sad, my child, for I will surely find a remedy for thee." Then she went among the rocks of the mountain-side and gathered herbs which would be a cure for his grief. She collected a great quantity of them and was cooking them, when she saw coming toward the sheep-fold, the two princesses of the Sun. She hastily took off her magical cloak and covered Acoya-napa with it, making him invisible.



Just at that moment the princesses paused at the entrance of the little hut. When they saw the old woman within, Chuqui-llantu said:

“Couldst thou give us to eat, good dame? We have wandered far over the mountain-side and have hunger.”

The old woman, kneeling before them, replied: “Truly nothing have I but a dish of herbs. But to that thou art welcome.”

Then the princesses sat in the doorway and ate of the herbs, and Chuqui-llantu looked about the hut, hoping to see that one who held all her thoughts. “Ah, he must be with his white flocks,” she concluded. Then she spied the cloak. It was woven in a strange, fanciful pattern, and it attracted her attention.

“What a beautiful cloak,” she said, looking at it. “Where didst thou get it?”

“It came to me by inheritance,” the shepherd’s mother answered. “It once belonged to a woman beloved by Pachacamac, the deity of the valley.”

Then Chuqui-llantu longed to have the cloak, and at length, begged it of the old woman. And when she finally possessed it her liking for it grew stronger. Soon she took leave of the old woman, and, holding the cloak carefully, wandered over the mountain pastures with her sister, filled with a longing to be with Acoyanapa.

All this while, the shepherd was invisible inside the magical cloak which hung over the princess's arm. And when the maidens returned to the palace of the Sun the guards examined the cloak but thought that no harm could come of it, so it befell that Chuqui-llantu laid it over a chair in her chamber. And there, that night, she wept, telling the cloak of her love for the gentle shepherd. Then quiet slumber comforted her. In the night she awoke, and she saw in place of the cloak, the shepherd-lad, gazing sadly upon her. The princess was filled with fear.

"How didst thou enter the palace?" she asked.

"By means of the magical cloak which thou didst carry so carefully," he answered. "Now, hereafter, I have the power to become the cloak at will."

Then the two made plans to escape, the next day, from the country of the Sun. Early in the morning just as the sun was brightening the mountain-tops the princess started out from the palace with her cloak over her arm. She wandered through the mountain slopes until she entered a ravine, and then, feeling secure from any watchful eye, she placed the cloak upon the ground beside her. At once the shepherd-lad stood before her.

But in the distance, there had followed the

princess, a guard of the royal palace, and when he saw the shepherd, he gave the alarm with loud shouts, and hastily pursued them. The lovers fled high up the mountain until, at last, weary and fainting they climbed a giant rock, and in their weariness they fell asleep.

Now, it befell, that the Sun, travelling through the heavens, looked down upon the mountain side, and saw his beautiful daughter, Chuquillantu, asleep upon the high rock with the shepherd of the white flocks. And the Sun was filled with anger, and a sound like thunder filled the whole earth, awakening the sleepers.

The lovers arose from the rock and looked toward the town of Calca which lay at their feet. At that instant a strange horror seized them, and when the princess would fain have spoken to her lover, the power of speech had flown! She tried to turn to him, but she could not move. The shepherd, too, stood immovable.

And there upon the high rock overlooking Calca, may be seen to this day, the shepherd of the white flocks and the princess of the Sun.

## THE TWO ROCKS IN PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

**I**N the long ago, there was a certain Indian village on the shores of Passamaquoddy Bay. Here there lived two families who held strife between them. What caused this to be, no one knew. It was an affair of the olden time, kept alive by the bitterness in their hearts. Yet it was to bring them great sorrow in the end.

It befell, that a young brave of one family loved a maiden of the other family, and although they knew of the ancient feud, they hoped that there might be happiness for them.

"Listen not to the words of that one," the maiden's parents said. "He belongs to the family of our ancient enemies."

But the two met by stealth. They loved in secret. And when the maiden had consented to become the wife of the young brave, he went to her parents.

"Behold, there is a great love between us," he said. "Bury the ancient feud deep down in the earth; cast it far down in the blue ocean, where the great rocks will hold it fast; burn it when the blazing pine logs light up the dark

sky, and let the winds of the night scatter the ashes. Give me this maiden to brighten my wigwam—for there is great love between us. So shall there be peace between thy family and mine.”

But the maiden’s father replied:

“Never shall the ancient feud between thy family and mine be covered over by the cold, damp earth: never shall the rocks of the ocean hold it fast: and never shall the blazing pine logs burn it to ashes so that the winds of the night shall scatter it. Never shall the maiden dwell in thy wigwam; and never shall there be peace between thy family and mine. I have spoken.”

Then the young brave with sorrow making heavy his heart returned to his own lodge, and he addressed his father, even as he had spoken to the father of his beloved.

Even with greater anger and bitterness, did his father declare that the ancient feud between the two families should never die.

Then it seemed to the youth and the maiden that the sunlight had grown dim: that the grey, cold fog from the ocean had enveloped them.

They met in secret far from the village, and at last the parents of the maiden said:

“We must make an encampment far from here, where they can no longer see each other.”

So they gathered their belongings together

and carried them to the large canoe on the shore, waiting to bear them to some far distant place where they should see the son of their ancient enemy no more. While the old people were doing this, the maiden slipped away to the meeting place where the two should see each other for the last time.

“While the world stands, I will love thee,” the young brave said to her. And the maiden repeated after him the same words:

“While the world stands, I will love thee.” Then the young brave said:

“I shall *will* to see thee while the rocks stand.”

And the maiden, knowing the thought in his heart, replied: “I shall *will* to see *thee* while the rocks stand, while the world lasts.” Then she left him alone in the forest.

But he followed her afar off.

And when her parents carried her away in their canoe, the young brave stood upon the shore watching, and he sang:

“My parents think that they can separate me from  
the maiden I love;

We have vowed to love each other while we live.

Their commands are vain: we shall see each other  
while the world lasts.

Yes! let them say or do what they like; we shall see  
each other while the rocks stand.”



The canoe bore the maiden to an island in the distance. The young brave watching, saw her step upon the shore, and knowing in his heart of her determination, he called his will to grow strong and powerful. And he *willed* to become a rock on the shore, where he might see his beloved while the world should stand. Behold! his will accomplished that which he desired.

The maiden, knowing of the change which was taking place in her beloved, sang:

“Here I sit on this point on the shore,  
Whence I can see the brave that I love.  
Our people think that they can separate us;  
But we shall see each other while the world lasts.  
Here shall I remain, in sight of that one I love.”

Then she became very still, willing to be turned into stone. And her will wrought its way with her. She, too, became a rock upon the shore.

There in Passamaquoddy Bay, where the sun shines upon them, and where the thick fog wraps itself about them, where the waves ever beat upon the shore around them, the lovers stand where they can see each other while the world lasts.

## THE BIRD BRIDE

A Peruvian Legend re-told from Lewis H. Spence's *Myths of Mexico and Peru*.

**I**N the early morning of the world, a deluge once came upon the people. There were two brothers who tried to escape destruction.

"Let us climb the high mountain, Huacaquan," they said. "Truly it will save us from the deluge." And as the youths climbed the mountain side, they kept repeating: "Truly, the mountain will save us."

And Huacaquan, the mountain, heard them and their faith in him made his heart glad. "Truly, indeed, will Huacaquan, the mountain, save them," he determined.

The water rose steadily, sweeping nearer and nearer the youths who were hastening up the mountain side, and then the mountain put forth its power and increased its height, and try though the water might, it could not overtake the two brothers.

When the cruel water had returned to its own dominions, the two brothers went down into the valley again, in search of food. They built a small house and lived therein, and day after



day they went out searching for food. One night when they returned to their home, they found the evening meal prepared for them.

"Some one has been here!" they exclaimed. But no one could be found. Every day, this happened, and the tenth day the elder brother determined to conceal himself in the house, while the other was out hunting.

Soon the elder brother heard the sound of voices approaching the house where he was concealed. "Now," thought he, "I shall discover who it is that supplies us with food." And he waited quietly. Then two birdlike beings appeared; and when they had laid aside their mantles, the elder brother saw that they were really women. He was so rejoiced at the thought that there were other human beings in this lonely valley, that he sprang eagerly toward them. The bird-women turned at the sound, just as the youth was about to grasp them. Quickly and angrily they seized their mantles, and changing themselves into birds, flew far away.

Then the elder brother was sorry that he had not appreciated the work of these bird people. But he longed to see them again. So day after day he waited concealed in his home, thinking: "To-day they may return to us." But day followed day and the bird-women did not appear. At last, one day, just as he was despairing of

their coming back, there entered the house the two maidens. The youth remained hidden until the maidens were very busy at work, when he sprang to the door to close it. But the younger maiden, who was nearer the door than the other, sprang to it, and flitted away as a bird.

"Stay with me," the youth pleaded of the bird-maiden. "I have great loneliness here, and truly we have need of thee."

So the maiden remained and became the bird bride of the youth. Long years were they married, and sons and daughters came to them. And from them sprang the tribe of Canaries. And always the people look upon the *quacamayo* with reverence, saying:

"These are our ancestors," and always do they use their feathers at the tribal festivals.

## THE MAIDEN OF MATSAKI

A Zuñi Tale re-told from Cushing's *Zuñi Folk-Tales*.

IN the days of the ancients, there lived in the village of Matsaki, a priest-chief who had great wealth, for he owned more buckskins and blankets than he could hang from the poles of his dwelling, and the portholes of his lodge were covered with turquoises and precious shells from the ocean. His lodge was the largest in the village, and his ladder-poles were tall and decorated with slabs of carved wood.

Now, this priest-chief had two daughters. One was very beautiful, and all the young warriors in the towns near-by loved her; the other daughter was a witch-girl—powerful in evil.

It happened that there was a young warrior of the Pueblos, whose thoughts were of the beautiful maiden, and after much effort, he secured a large bundle of gifts for her. One morning he said to his people:

“I have thoughts of the beautiful Matsaki maiden. I would seek her.” And his people answered: “It is well.”

So the young brave set out with his bundle toward the Zuñi village, and just at sunset, he

reached the lodge of the priest-chief. He lifted the corner of the mat, which formed the door, and shouted to the people below:

“Shé!”

“Hai!” they called back to him. Then the maiden’s mother helped him down the ladder, and after they had given him food and the crumbs had been swept away, the old father said:

“When a stranger enters the lodge of another, it is not thinking of nothing that he enters.”

And the young brave, looking toward his bundle, answered:

“It was with thoughts of your daughter, that I came.”

“Listen, my daughter,” the old man said to the maiden, who was looking down at the beaded fringe on her belt, “what think you?”

“If my people think thus, I say ‘be it well,’ ” the maiden replied. Later, when the old people were asleep in the corner, the beautiful Matsaki maiden said to the youth:

“It is true, I have said, ‘be it well’; but in order that I may know whether thou dost love me, I would test thee. If thou canst hoe my corn-field by the river in a single morning, not driven from thy determination by anything whatsoever, then will I know that I have thy

love. I will accept thy bundle, and we shall be happy together." Then she directed him to a room where he might sleep, and pointed to a hoe in the corner near the door.

"Wait happily until morning," she said as good-night.

Now, the young brave felt this to be a very easy task, a simple piece of work that he must perform in order to prove his constancy and love; for the maiden had said "not driven from thy determination by anything whatsoever." At the first dawn of day, he shouldered his hoe and set out for the corn-field by the river, where he was soon working with all speed, for there was much to be done before the sun would stand high in the heavens over him.

The Matsaki maiden soon looked down from the house-top upon the youth working in the corn-field far below.

"Ah, I doubt that he loves me as much as he thinks he does," she thought. Then she went into an inner room where, down in a corner, stood a beautifully-painted water jar. It was not as other water jars, for it contained may-flies, and gnats and mosquitoes. The maiden lifted the stone cover and addressed them gently.

"My children," she said, "in a corn-field by the river, is a young brave, stripped as for a

race. Go to him, my children! Bite him, sting him—his ears, his eyelids,—spare no part of him!”

And the insects answered her: “*Tsu-nu-nu! Tsi-ni-ni!*” and flew away and stung the youth, until he dropped his hoe and rolled in the dust. Then he tried to work, but to no purpose, the stinging flies almost crazed him, and at last, he seized his blanket and ran away to the home of his father. And the may-flies, and the gnats, and mosquitoes returned to the magic jar, to the care of the beautiful maiden.

The young warriors, about the country, heard of how poorly the youth from the Pueblo town had fared, and one thought: “That one is but a *child* to run away from his task, driven by stinging insects.” And to his people he said: “I will visit the Matsaki maiden and show people what *I* can do.”

“It is well,” they answered him. So this youth bravely started out with his bundle of gifts, but he fared no better than the others had done. Following him, there came to Matsaki, braves from all the surrounding towns, but they, one and all, met with the same experience. No matter how strong was their courage when they began the work, they could not withstand the stinging insects.

There was one youth, however, whose thoughts were continually of the beautiful



Matsaki maiden. He was a very poor youth. One day, when he felt that he could bear it no longer, he went to his grandmother and said:

“The longing I have for this maiden will kill me. I do not wonder that she asks such hard tasks of her lovers. It is not for their bundles that she cares, but for their devotion.”

“You will only fare as others have done, my son,” the old woman answered. “Yet, if thou art determined to go, know that it is *she* who sends these stinging insects to torment the youths who would woo her.”

“But, grandmother,” the youth replied, “she may have better thoughts toward me. I care not to live merely to breathe hard with longing!”

“Then, my child, if you *must* go, first seek in the mountain the finger-root, scrape its bark, and make a little loaf of it and hide it in thy belt. Then when thou art heated by thy work in the corn-field, rub carefully over thy body, this bitter bark. The flies will not bite thee, and although the gnats and mosquitoes may make much noise with their *humming*, they will not attack thee, for they eat not such bitter food.”

Greatly cheered by this counsel of his wise old grandmother, the youth made up a small bundle of gifts, and having prepared the little loaf of bitter bark as his grandmother had di-



rected, he set out for the home of the beautiful maiden. When he, at last, climbed the ladder and shouted down the greeting, the old people would not answer, for they were angry with their daughter for sending away so many suitors.

Again the youth shouted, and this time they answered: "*Hai!*" They did not help him down the ladder; but he did not mind, for his bundle was very small, and he felt himself poor, indeed.

The youth did not wait for the usual ceremonies, but at once began to explain his coming; but the maiden interrupted him, by placing food before him. She looked at him, and in her heart she felt that he was more desirable than any of the others, and she hoped that he would stand the test.

After the crumbs were brushed away, the old man smoked and talked longer with him than he had with the other youths, as if he, too, were more favourably impressed.

Later, when the old people were sleeping soundly, the youth and the maiden sat in the fire-light, and the maiden said:

"I have a corn-field down by the river. I would have thee hoe this field for me in a single morning. Thus would I test thy love. If thou canst do this thing, it may be that we will live together happily, as day follows day."

And the youth smiled, and the maiden watching him, thought: "But, oh! how I wish that his heart might be strong enough—even though his bundle be not heavy!"

Early in the morning the youth took the hoe and hastened to the corn-field. He found much of the work done, because so many lovers had worked there. As the sun rose high in the heavens, the youth cast off his blanket, thinking: "Soon there will be coming the stinging gnats and the insects." So he went aside, as if to rest in the shade, and carefully rubbed the bitter bark over every particle of his body, even to his eyelids, and his ears. Then with a light heart, he returned to his labour.

Now all this time, the maiden had lingered in the inner room, near the magic water jar. "Why should I hope? Why should I care? One could not love me enough to endure such a test!" Then she reluctantly opened the water jar and ordered the stinging flies to attack the stranger.

"And spare no part of him," she added, determined to make as severe a test of him as she had of the others. Then, with gloomy forebodings, she climbed to the house-top to watch and wait. She saw him working, never pausing.

"Ah! indeed it must be that he is very brave! It *must* be that he loves me! Only for a little

longer, my beloved, will they attack thee: only for a *little longer*, and then thou wilt be at peace. Now, I will make ready the meal for thee, my beloved, and carry it to thee."

Blithely the Matsaki maiden hastened her preparations, never dreaming that her day of happiness was to be but as a brief winter's day. And when all was in readiness she dressed herself in her finest holiday clothes. Then with her tray of food, she started for the corn-field, singing a light, happy song. She was going to meet her husband,—that one of all others, so strong, so brave, that he could endure the test! So she lightly advanced, her necklaces and bracelets of shells, and her ear-rings of turquoises glittering in the sunlight, the breezes stirring her white, cotton gown with its border of butterflies.

The youth watching her, as he rested with his task completed, felt that the Great Spirit had been kind indeed to him; and as she came near to him, with her tray of food, he dropped his glance to the ground.

The world about these two happy ones was turning grey and cold with sorrow and gloom; but they saw it not. Was it because the Great Spirit would punish the maiden for her pride? Who can tell!

Now, the witch-sister hovered near them—unseen.

Her heart was filled with bitterness and hate because of the happiness of her beautiful sister. And she said: "*We shall see.*" And by her magical power, she transformed herself into a maiden of the exact likeness of her sister, and when the youth looked up from the ground, there before him stood *two* maidens, alike in every way.

His beloved said: "Eat," and as she spoke, the other uttered the same words in the same voice.

He looked from one to the other, bewildered. "Alas! from which tray shall I eat?"

Then his beloved saw that other. "Thou wicked one, why didst *thou* come?" And the witch-sister retorted in the same tone, "Thou wicked one, why didst *thou* come?" In the end, the two maidens fought, and the youth struck out with his hoe, thinking to hurt that evil one.

One of the maidens fell to the ground,—the one whom he had struck. He saw her dying before him, and in the air above him circled a black crow, that laughed "*Kawkaw! Kawkaw!*"

The youth knelt beside the maiden and bathed the blood from her forehead, and she talked to him, and smiled. Then her lips grew still and cold. And the youth knelt beside her, holding her body, and weeping.

“Alas, alas! my beautiful wife, I loved thee, I love thee. Alas, alas!”

Then when darkness had settled upon Matsaki, the people found them. And they wrapped the maiden in her mantles and buried her in front of the House of the Sun. The youth ever sat beside her grave, mourning: “Alas, alas! I loved thee, my beautiful wife. I did not know thee, and I killed thee! Alas, alas!”

Then, when the great star rose from star-land, the spirit of the maiden came to comfort him. “Do not wait beside my grave, mourning for me, my beloved, but return to thine own land!” And then sadly she said to him: “Alas, my husband! Thou didst not know me from that other. Thou didst not love me. I had hoped for thy love.” And sorrowing thus, the spirit disappeared.

Night after night, the spirit of the maiden came to comfort the youth. Then one night she said: “I must go to the land of the Spirits now. I would have thee return to thine own people. But if thou shouldst follow me, know that the way is a hard one for mortals. Yet, it may be, if thou lovest me, that thou shalt find me in the end. Seek, therefore, small feathers and plume many prayer-sticks. Choose one small feather and colour it red, and tie it to my forehead. In the daytime as I

journey, thou wilt be able to follow the red feather, for I shall not be visible to thee."

The next day, the youth prepared the prayer-sticks, as the maiden had directed, and among them he placed the feather he had dyed red. And that night when the spirit appeared to him, he fastened it to her forehead, and they sat together until the grey light of the morning. Then he could see her no more, but before him, wavered the red feather in the early morning breeze. All that day the youth followed the red feather, and when his steps faltered from weariness, the feather passed on, and left him far behind. In vain he searched for the red feather, but it was lost to him.

"Ah, my beautiful wife, where art thou?" he called. Soon in the distance he saw the red feather waiting for him. In this way they journeyed on until in the darkness of the night they reached a forest of cedar trees; there again the red feather vanished.

Again, he called: "My beautiful wife, where art thou?" and calling thus, he struggled on, until, at last, he saw in the distance a light glowing.

He ran forward, lurching and stumbling, and when he reached the hill-top, he found the spirit maiden waiting for him.

She smiled kindly at him and said: "Comest thou?" and he sat beside her, and in



his great weariness fell asleep; but she slept not, for she was a spirit.

Before daybreak, they started upon their journey, and as the night died away, the form of the maiden grew fainter and ever fainter before him, and then all the youth could see was the little red feather moving steadily forward. That day there was a plain of lava to be crossed, and crags, and a wide bed of cactus, and at night, while the youth, torn and bleeding, and weary, was drawing the cactus thorns from his body, the spirit maiden seemed to pity him.

“My lover, my husband, turn back, for the way is a rough, untrodden one for mortals. I go to the Council of the Dead. A mortal cannot enter there.” And the youth wept.

“Ah, but I love thee so,” he said, “I cannot turn away from thee.”

She smiled at him sadly. “To-morrow is the last day of our journey,” she said, “then I shall leave thee to go down into the waters where stands the Ladder of Others. There shalt thou await me.”

The next day on the journey, the red feather drifted lightly across a deep cañon, and when the youth reached the side and saw that there was no way for him to cross, he cried out in despair to the little feather moving farther and farther away:



“Alas, my beautiful wife! Only wait for me, for I love thee and I cannot turn from thee!”

Then the feather paused; but still there seemed no way for the youth to cross the cañon. So, in despair he threw himself from the side and clung to the edge. Here he would have been destroyed, if it had not been for two friendly little squirrels, who caused a magical hemlock tree to grow across the cañon like a bridge. The youth hastily crossed and sped after the red feather. There was no moment to rest, for the feather floated on, and just as the sun went down, the feather hastened into a valley between two mountains. There beside a lake, an old man and an old woman received her, and then she fearlessly entered the waters and there came up out of the water a ladder of flags to receive her. The maiden disappeared in the water, and a bright light shone from the lake where she had entered.

The youth, far behind, saw her enter the lake. He ran along, stumbling at every step in his great weariness, and when, at last, he reached the water near the bright light, he called to her:

“Alas, my beautiful wife! Only wait for me. It may be that I can go with thee.” But there was no answer. And he sat down beside the water and mourned. “I did not know thee, my beautiful wife, and I killed thee. Alas, alas!”

Toward the middle of the night, the youth heard happy voices and laughter. The doorway to the land of spirits opened, and the light shone out through the water. Then the youth saw the ladder, and the forms of the dead passing in and out. And once more he tried to gain the entrance, but the cold, dark waters closed about him, and he could not find the way. Once he caught sight of the bright, beautiful place beneath. And there with happy maidens and youths, he saw his wife, and she seemed to have forgotten him,—that lonely one on earth, who had followed her to the border land of the Spirits. He crawled to the shore, filled with despair.

Suddenly, above him, an owl spoke. "Come with me," the owl said, "and I will help thee." So the youth wondering, followed the owl, who led the way into a great hall in the mountain, where the owl tribes lived. There the owl sprinkled the medicine of sleep upon him, saying:

"When thou awakest, thou wilt find thyself upon a trail near thy home. Before thee, thy wife will journey. Now follow my commands closely, so that thou shalt have thy wife with thee again, and many years shalt thou live together, if only thou wilt obey me. Do not touch the maiden even with thy hand, until she has become a mortal." The youth promised that

he would faithfully keep the command of the owl, and then he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke, he found himself on the homeward trail, and before him, journeyed his wife. And the youth remembered the command of the owl and did not touch the spirit maiden with his hand. And they were happy, for it seemed that their life like a great light was before them. When they were near their own village, the maiden having the weariness of mortals, slept. And the youth, watching her, forgot the commands of the owl and suddenly bent over her and kissed her.

Then the spirit maiden awoke. "How vain that I should have hoped that thou didst love me," she said, and disappeared.

The youth covered his head in shame, and from a tree-top nearby, an owl hooted mournfully.

And thus ends the story.

## THE LOVE OF CUSI-COYLLUR—JOYFUL STAR

### A PERUVIAN DRAMA-LEGEND

**T**HE Inca, Pachacutic, had a beautiful daughter, Cusi-Coyllur—Joyful Star. The child had grown to womanhood and as yet had not been pledged in marriage.

Until the day when Joyful Star first saw Ollanta, her life had been one of peaceful content with her mother. This day she was wandering heart-free in her garden, when she came upon him. Cusi-Coyllur saw at once by his dress that he was one of the chieftains; and Ollanta, for the first time, saw the princess Joyful Star, whose beauty and grace were so celebrated in song. Behold, they loved.

Now both Ollanta and Cusi-Coyllur knew that their love was not lawful. For a chieftain with no royal blood in his veins had no right to aspire to the hand or the love of a daughter of the Inca. So they kept their love secret.

At length Joyful Star became the wife of Ollanta, and no one knew. They were happy now, but in the midst of their happiness Ollanta was sent upon an expedition by the Inca, who had no suspicion of their marriage.

With Ollanta absent, Joyful Star grew sad and silent, and at last, sorrowing over her loneliness, she confessed to her mother her love and her marriage.

One day Ollanta returned to her. "We must have our marriage declared publicly," he said.

"It may be that my father will have us put to death," Cusi-Coyllur objected. So it seemed better to gain the consent of the Inca before making their marriage known.

So Ollanta, seeking an audience with the Inca, bravely declared his love for Cusi-Coyllur, and asked the Inca's gracious consent to their marriage. But his pleading was met with scorn, and Ollanta, defying him, left his presence to raise the standard of rebellion.

Now Ollanta was a powerful chieftain and soon had caused a general uprising of malcontents, who looked to him to establish a new order of rule. After long warfare Ollanta was victorious, in the end defeating one of the royal generals.

This being accomplished, there was opportunity to flee to some place of safety with Cusi-Coyllur, and there to live their life of happiness free from all danger. *But Cusi-Coyllur had disappeared!* No one could tell Ollanta where she was, whether she were dead or alive. Search where he might, not the slightest trace of her could be found. So the years passed.

Now it happened that in the midst of the confusion of war and bloodshed, Cusi-Coyllur—Joyful Star—had given birth to a daughter. Ollanta, leading the rebel forces could not give her protection, and Joyful Star knew that her father would inflict punishment upon her, perhaps the severest torture, when he discovered the truth. But, at least, she possessed those first joys of motherhood—whatever might come to her, he could not take from her those hours when she held her baby to her bosom.

“How beautiful!” she whispered. “Why, that shall be her name!” And so the child was called Yma Sumac, How Beautiful.

Then her punishment swiftly descended upon Cusi-Coyllur. The child was taken from her—her baby, How Beautiful. Had she been put to death? No one vouchsafed a word to the frantic mother. She scarcely noticed that they had placed her in a dungeon in the dark convent. Where was her child, her daughter? Where was Ollanta, her husband? She crouched on the floor of the dungeon, groaning and sobbing. And so time dragged wearily along until years had passed.

Yma Sumac, How Beautiful, had been taken to the same convent to be reared. Mother and child were within the same walls, each ignorant of the presence of the other. This was a part of the punishment of Cusi-Coyllur that the



Inca had pronounced upon her. As Yma Sumac grew old enough to play in the convent garden, she would very often hear moans and sobs from some place within the walls. The child would approach the wall and listen, her heart filled with a strange unrest and pain. At last she went to her guardian, Pitu Salla.

"While I am at play in the garden there come to me strange sounds like some one groaning and sobbing. And I am filled with longing to go to that one in sorrow. It is some woman. Who is that one so sorrowful? Something tells me that I know her."

But Pitu Salla evaded the questions. Much as she loved Yma Sumac, much as she desired to bring mother and child together again, there was always present before her the threats of terrible tortures and death made by the Inca when he gave these two into her keeping. No, Yma Sumac should never know; Cusi-Coyllur should never know; her days in the dreary dungeon must wearily pass, filled with pain and longing.

As Yma Sumac grew older it became more difficult to evade her questions and to resist her pleadings. At last, in despair, Pitu Salla told her the story of her mother, Cusi-Coyllur, Joyful Star.

Yma Sumac's pleadings to be allowed to go to her mother were now continuous and



heartbreaking. But Pitu Salla feared the Inca too much to allow this.

Just at this time, however, came the word that the Inca was dead and that Yupanqui, his son, Cusi-Coyllur's brother, had succeeded him. *Then* Pitu Salla hastened to grant the prayer of the child.

No word of this was told to Cusi-Coyllur, who throughout the long days and weeks and years had mourned for her child and for Ollanta. Pitu Salla led the child to her mother's dungeon and opened the door. Yma Sumac stepped softly over the threshold. There before her was the sorrowful one, her mother.

"My mother," she said ever so gently. And then Cusi-Coyllur held her child in her arms once again.

"Yma Sumac, my child, my daughter!" she whispered again and again.

Throughout all these years Ollanta had been vainly searching for Cusi-Coyllur, Joyful Star. But no trace of her could he discover. And when the death of the Inca caused another uprising, Ollanta again led the revolutionists, determined to gain power, at least long enough to find Cusi-Coyllur. But this time defeat came to Ollanta, and he with many others was taken prisoner.

When Yupanqui, the new Inca, heard of Ollanta's capture, he had the prisoner brought before him, for he had long known of the marriage of his sister and Ollanta, and had wished to bring them together again.

The Inca had just given Ollanta his freedom, when there came before him the little maiden, Yma Sumac, How Beautiful. In her earnestness she knelt before the Inca, not noticing the presence of Ollanta, and pleaded for her mother's freedom, and that they might be permitted to live together. She told Yupanqui of their long years of imprisonment and how, now that she had been restored to her mother since the death of the Inca, her mother had but one sorrow and that was for Ollanta, her husband.

Yupanqui placed the child in Ollanta's arms. "This is your father, my child," he said. "This is Ollanta. And now we will go to your mother Cusi-Coyllur."

There in the convent prison, Cusi-Coyllur and Ollanta found each other. Their child, Yma Sumac, How Beautiful, had brought them together, and the great darkness of Cusi-Coyllur's life gave place to gleaming sunshine.

## HOW GENETASKA DESERTED HER TRUST

An Iroquois Legend re-told from Canfield's *Legends of the Iroquois as told by the Cornplanter*.

**F**AR away in the deep forest, within reach of all the nations of the confederacy, the Iroquois had built them a wigwam with a door opening on each side, so that one could enter from whatever direction he might travel. This was not as other wigwams; it was to the Iroquois the *Kienuka*, the peace home, to which any of their people might go and find peace.

In this place, it was, that the red men found peace and sweet contentment, and returned to their wigwams, their hearts filled with a high purpose: for they had been in the deep forest where the power of the Great Spirit was all-pervading; they had been *in the place of peace*.

Here, in Kienuka, there came to dwell the maiden Genetaska, the wisest, the gentlest, the fairest, maiden of all the nations that made up the confederacy.

To this wigwam in the forest, there came, one day, two hunters to lay their dispute before the peace maiden and to abide by her decision.

And they told the maiden that they had killed a mighty buck in the forest, and each one said: "My arrow it was that killed him." And after they had rested in that place of peace, the maiden Genetaska said to them:

"The animal which ye have killed is large and will be a plentiful supply for the families of both. So, my brothers, let each one take half to his wigwam, to his wife and children."

"The Oneida hath only the old people of his village to provide for," one hunter quickly replied. "The hunter's wigwam is lonely in his Oneida village; for he hath never seen any maiden whom he would ask to make his moccasins, or to spread his blanket, or to keep his fire burning in his wigwam. No one of all the Iroquois maidens hath he seen until he looked upon thee, Genetaska, and heard the contentment in thy voice."

The other hunter did not allow the maiden an opportunity to make an answer to the Oneida. "The Onondaga once had a wigwam where dwelt happiness and cheer," he said, "but death claimed his wife and his children, and long hath gloom and desolation abided there. And now, the Onondaga hath seen Genetaska, and his heart is filled with the hope that she will come to his wigwam and drive away the gloom and the loneliness, and bring the sunlight back again."

“My brothers,” the maiden answered earnestly, “Genetaska was chosen by the people to live here in the forest with the three aged women, who care for her. She hath been set apart by her people to comfort those who are troubled, to bring peace to those who have strife in their hearts. Genetaska lives alone in the forest where the Great Spirit directs her work. Her place is in this home of peace, not in the wigwam of another. So, my brothers, seek ye other maidens.”

Then the hunters departed from the place of peace in the forest, and Genetaska was left alone in the stillness of the deep wood. But in the maiden's heart there grew a longing and unrest. Look wherever she might, she saw the form of the Oneida hunter as he said:

“The Oneida hath seen no maiden whom he would ask to keep the fires of his wigwam bright, or make his moccasins, or spread his blanket.” And ever the desire possessed her heart to do these things for him.

“O, that I might wait in the door of the wigwam of that one, watching for him.”

When the Autumn moon looked down upon the forest where the maiden listened to the counsel of the Great Spirit, and directed the ways of those who came to her, there appeared,

one day, the Oneida hunter, who had ever filled her heart with longing since that day in the early summer, when he had looked upon her with desire in his eyes.

“Ever hath the heart of the Oneida been heavy with longing for the maiden Genetaska,” he said, “and he hath built a wigwam far from the land of the Iroquois. Here he hath prepared a home for Genetaska, and now he would take her to that far-away place. Will the peace-maiden leave the lonely forest? Will Genetaska go with the Oneida?”

And Genetaska, forgetting her trust, forgetting her purpose in the forest, forgetting that she had pledged her life to the people,—remembered only the great love she bore the hunter. She placed her hand in his and said simply:

“Genetaska will go with the Oneida to the far-away home in the sun land.”

And so, Genetaska left the quiet forest, left the wigwam where the troubled children of the Great Spirit might find peace. And when, one day, two braves sped to the peace house, anger burning within them, and found the place silent and deserted, they attacked each other upon the threshold, and fought until death claimed them. But they had stained the sacred place with blood. Nevermore would this spot be a refuge for those in distress: nevermore would

the weary be comforted here: nevermore would  
the troubled find peace.

*For Genetaska had deserted the place of  
refuge: Genetaska had forsaken her trust!*



## THE RESCUE OF ARSELIK

### AN ALGONQUIN TALE

LONG ago, there was a time when the maidens of the Wabanaki might seek and try to win the brave they loved. At such a time, this was not thought overbold in maidens; for it was the custom.

Long ago, in such a time, there was a Wabanaki village on the shore of a beautiful lake. Here there lived one so brave and so pleasing to look upon, that many maidens of the tribe had tried to win his heart; but they had tried in vain. His heart was in another's keeping, but this they knew not.

It happened, one day, that two maidens sought him. The brave shook his head and said:

"My heart is in another's keeping. Long ago a maiden held my love. Her, only, will I wed."

"Who is this maiden, then?" they demanded.

"The maiden Arselik," the brave answered.

"She holds my heart in her keeping."

The maidens left him, but anger dwelt in their hearts. They said: "It may be that we

can hide this maiden, Arselik, or dispose of her in some way. Then we may win that brave, perchance; for of all those who hunt the deer or the wild moose, this one is the most desired by all the maidens of this Wabanaki village."

Then the two maidens made a pretence of great friendship for that happy maiden, Arselik. And when they asked her to go with them in their canoe, she unsuspectingly consented.

"Come with us in our canoe, and we will visit the beautiful islands, yonder," they said to her. But to each other, they said: "We will take her to a distant island and leave her there to starve."

Willingly the maiden went with them, and merrily passed the moments in song, or in the telling of some old tale, the maidens continually paddling their canoe toward an island far beyond those the maiden Arselik had thought to visit.

Then into the heart of Arselik there entered a great, unnamed fear. She begged of the maidens to point the canoe toward their own village. But they did not listen to her. Soon they landed on a lonely island, saying:

"We will build a fire." They started in different directions to gather fuel, and when Arselik had turned her back, the two hastened to the canoe, leaving that one who held the heart of the young brave in her keeping.



Photo by Russell. By courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.  
A KIOWA MOTHER AND CHILD.



She called to them, but they turned deaf ears to her call, singing gay songs as they swiftly passed over the water. Then Arselik knew the wickedness that dwelt in their hearts. From a high rock she watched them disappear over the water, and then she cried. As she wept, there came to her these thoughts, and she put them into song.

“Now I am left on this lonely island to die,  
No one to hear the sound of my voice.  
Who will bury me when I die?  
Who will sing my death song for me?

My false friends leave me here  
To die alone;  
Like a wild beast,  
I am left on this island to die.

I wish the wind spirit  
Would carry my cry to my love!

My love is as swift as the deer!  
He would speed through the forest  
To find me.

Now I am left on this lonely island to die.  
I wish the spirits of the air  
Would carry my breath to my love.

My love's canoe, like the sunlight,  
Would shoot through the water  
To my side.

But I am left on this lonely island to die,  
With no one to pity me  
But the little birds.

My love is brave and strong;  
But when he hears my fate,  
His stout heart will break.

And I am on this lonely island to die.

Now the night comes on,  
And all is silent but the owl.  
He sings a mournful song to his mate,  
In pity for me.

I will try to sleep. I wish  
The night spirit to hear my song;  
He will tell my love of my fate,  
And when I awake, I shall see  
The one I love.

I am on this lonely island to die."

That same night, the young brave dreamed about a Culloo,—a giant bird with a hundred claws, whose power was so great that with one claw, he could carry away a whole village-full of people to his own country beyond the stars.

The young brave dreamed that the Culloo carried him high up in the sky, so that he could see the whole world beneath him. There on a lonely island, he saw his loved one sleeping upon a rock. Then he awoke. He knew that

she had called to him to save her, and that the spirits of the night air had carried her cry to him in his sleep. He entered his canoe and paddled to the island he had seen in his dream. There he found that one who held his heart in her keeping.

“I asked the wind spirits and the spirits of the night air to carry my cry to thee, and behold! thou art here,” she said.

The young brave carried Arselik back to their tribe, and great were the rejoicings over her return. And as soon as the wedding feast could be prepared, they were married. Then, was Arselik safe from the snares of those who were wicked in heart.

As for those two maidens who had left Arselik on the lonely island to die, they departed from that Wabanaki village by the beautiful lake and were never heard of after.

Thus the story ends.



## A SONG OF THE TAENSA

“**T**IKAENS, thou buildest a house, thou  
bringest thy wife to live in it.

Thou art married, Tikaens, thou art married.

Thou wilt become famous; thy children will  
name thee among the elders.

Think of Tikaens as an old man!

By what name is thy bride known?  
Is she beautiful? Are her eyes soft  
as the light of the moon?

Is she a strong woman? Didst thou  
Understand her signs during the dance?

I know not whether thou lovest her, Tikaens.

What said the old man, her father,  
When thou askest for his pretty daughter?

What betrothal presents didst thou give?

Rejoice, Tikaens! be glad, be happy!  
Build thyself a happy home.

*This is the song of its building.*

NOTE

I have inadvertently included one of the spurious Taensa songs from Burton's *Aboriginal American Authors* (1883).

E. N. P.

NOTE

The materials included are of the vintage 1950-  
1951 from Britain's Colonial Service (1951)  
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## HOW THE FIRST BATTLE CAME TO BE FOUGHT

A Legend of the Wintun of Sacramento Valley, re-told from  
C. M. Skinner's *American Myths and Legends*.

**I**N the early days of the world, there lived the maiden Norwan. She was as fair as the dawn. All alone in her wigwam lived the maiden, and she danced all the day long—so light of heart was she.

From one end of the land to the other, the youths heard of the happy-hearted Norwan, and they sought her. But to none of them would she listen. At last, Norbis, the South Dweller, the son of the white oak, sought her, and Norwan looked with favour upon him. She did not send him away, as she had done the others.

Then Norbis made great festivities for the wedding. Every one from all the country round came to the wedding feast of Norwan, the light of heart. The Tedewin, the bird brothers, careless youths were there. In the dances, Norwan, as light-hearted and as gay as the Tedewin, danced with them again and again, little caring about the sullen looks of Norbis.

At last, when Norbis could bear the treat-

ment of Norwan no longer, he determined to take her from those bold, young braves. Norbis went in search of Norwan, but she was nowhere to be seen. The Tedewin had disappeared, Norwan was gone! Then Norbis called all the people together.

"The Tedewin have carried Norwan away," he said. "They have stolen her from me, even on the night of her marriage. Let us pursue them, and rescue her."

All, at once, set out in pursuit of Norwan. And when they reached the land across the river from the village of the Tedewin, they found all the Tedewin tribe assembled for battle.

"Give up Norwan to us!" Norbis called out across the river.

"No, we will not do that," the Tedewin called back. "Norwan came to us of her own wish. We did not steal her. If we should give her up, what would hinder her from coming to us again?"

Then the followers of Norbis crossed the river, and for two days they fought. For two days they fought without food. For two days the snow and sleet fell about them like a white blanket, covering many killed and wounded upon the ground, and chilling the hungry, weary warriors until they lost their love for battle. And some asked:

“Why do we carry on warfare?” And others answered: “It is to rescue the maiden Norwan.”

Then the Tedewin looked for Norwan, and behold! Norwan had fled with her husband Norbis.

“Had I not danced with those Tedewin brothers,” Norwan said to her husband, “there would have been no killing, there would have been no warfare.”

Thus it was that the maiden, Norwan, brought all this woe upon the earth. It would have been a good world, but for her, that careless, happy-hearted one!

## MISS POUND-THE-STONES

A Maya Legend re-told from Brinton's *Essays of an Americanist*.

**I**N the forests of Yucatan, there once lived a maiden who surpassed all others in loveliness of face and form. And even as that one excelled all maidens in beauty, so also did she exceed them in the wickedness of her heart. She was called Miss Pound-the-Stones, because she would pound upon the stones to attract people to her. But woe be to that one who answered her call!

Once, it happened, that a youth travelling alone, toward the close of the day, saw a wonderfully beautiful maiden near him. He had never seen any one so lovely. He hastened his steps that he might be near her, but to his astonishment the maiden moved as quickly as he, and kept the same distance between them. Just as he was about to slacken his pace, and put the thought of her out of his mind, he heard from in front of him, the sound as of some one tapping upon stones.

"That must be Miss Pound-the-Stones," the youth thought. "Ah! but Miss Pound-the-



Stones is a wicked fairy. She is not a beautiful maiden. One so evil as that wicked one could never be so innocent and alluring as this maiden is." He hurried after the maiden still more eagerly, because she had tapped upon the stones to attract him to her.

The maiden moved toward the forest, and the youth followed her as ardently as a hunter pursues his game. Far in the deep forest he overtook her and clasped her in his arms. But, even as the youth touched the maiden her beautiful body become transformed into a thorny bush, which pierced him with its poison needles. The dainty feet that had sped before him became sharp claws which rent the flesh from his body.

Torn and bleeding, the youth painfully journeyed homeward amazed that one so alluring could have been at heart a bush of poison thorns. And the youth betook himself to his bed, the victim of a deadly fever.

And thus it was that Miss Pound-the-Stones would lure to their death, thoughtless youths whose gaze pierced not through her loveliness.

Thus it was, in the long ago, in the forests of Yucatan.

## THE MAIDEN WITH THE BEAUTIFUL FACE AND THE EVIL HEART

An Algonquin Tale re-told from *Kuloskap* by Leland and Prince.

**L**ONG ago there was a large Indian village in a forest far from the sea. Here there dwelt a maiden of wonderful beauty, who was very proud. This the Indians knew; but they did not know that underneath her pride she was revengeful, and that she was wicked through and through. This the people did not know, for she was a witch. She was so powerful that she was seven witches in one. And all this was deep in her heart. And no one knew her terrible secret,—none save the spirits, who hover silent and unseen about us.

This one of so much beauty and so great power of wickedness loved a young brave, who also dwelt in that place. He was a mighty hunter. His heart was in the forest seeking the deer and the wild moose. It was not in any maiden's keeping. But of this the maiden little cared. She wished to be chosen for his wife; and, at last, she thought:

“I will go to him and tell him of my wish.”

So one day, when the leaves were turning yellow, and the time was nearing when the braves would set out for their winter's hunting in the far-off North, the maiden sought that one whom she loved. She found him alone in the deep forest, and there she told him her wish—not waiting to be sought as any other Indian maiden would have done.

But the warrior's heart was in the far-off forest, where he would hunt the deer and the wild moose. The young brave looked at her in displeasure.

"Truly, no time have I for wooing," he said. "Soon to the far North I go with my companions, where we will hunt the deer and the wild moose. Now I am busy in making preparations. I have no time for wooing, no inclination either have I. Seek ye another brave to listen to thy wooing."

That one spoke to her with such indifference that the words stung her to scorn. She was filled with fury, and her love turned into hate. Her heart became cold and hard, like that of the terrible Chenoo in the far North. She drew away from him.

"You may go upon your hunt to the far North," she replied, "but you will never return as you departed."

"I have no fear of your threats," that one answered. "I go to the far North with my

companions, and if the Great Spirit will, I shall return to my people like as I was when I departed from them."

Then the maiden left him, but she called back from the distance:

"When the great change comes over you in the forest in the far away North-land, think of me and of these words of mine."

The brave gave no heed to her threats, and both the maiden and the words she had spoken were forgotten. He set out for the far North with his companions. For many days joy lodged in his heart; for he was in the great forest with the still, white snow about him, and over all rested the silence of the Great Spirit.

But there came a day in that forest in the North-land when madness seized him, for the maiden sent her witchery after him, and although so far away, she had wounded him with her sorcery.

Now the older brother of the wounded one was a strong and powerful brave, who did not know fear, and he resolved to save his brother. He determined to attempt that one deed which only the bravest of the Wabanaki dare undertake.

In the dark night, at the time when only ghosts and evil spirits of the forest are astir, the elder brother fearlessly left his wigwam

and went to the river. And there he sang a song so powerful that it summoned Wi-wil-mekw, the Demon of the Worm—*Wi-wil-mekw*, a terror even to devils.

“I call on the Wi-wil-mekw, I call on the terrible One,  
On the One with the Horns,  
I dare him to appear!”

the elder brother sang.

At once the waters of the river parted, and the terrible One answered the call.

“What is it thou wouldst have?” Wi-wil-mekw asked him.

“My brother,” the hunter replied, “a young brave, has been stricken with madness. I would have him made well.”

“Ah, well,” answered Wi-wil-mekw, “thou shalt have thy desire, if thou hast no fear.”

“Fear,” that one said, “is a stranger to me. I know him not.”

“Then hast thou not fear of me?” quickly asked Wi-wil-mekw.

“I hold thee in no more fear than Michihant, who is the most powerful devil of all.”

“If thou darest take me by my horns, and scrape my horns with thy knife, and keep the scrapings safely, then shalt thy wish be granted thee.”

Wi-wil-mekw, the Demon, uttered these words, not knowing that before him stood one

without fear. And indeed that one had great need to be so fearless; for the demon was terrible to see, and every moment he caused himself to appear more horrible still,—a very horror of horrors. Yet that brave one fearlessly held firm the demon's horns, and scraped away with his knife until the demon said:

“It is enough. Now, do my bidding, and all that thou hast wished shall come to pass. Yet more shall come to pass, than thou dost know, and I will tell thee. Know then that she, who has sent madness upon that one, is a terrible witch; a witch who has the power of seven witches all in one; a witch in thine own village, who seems to be a maiden, modest and beautiful. She hath cursed him. Now take these scrapings, take half and place in fresh spring water and give to the wounded one. After he has drained the bowl his madness will depart from him, and he will be as before. Then keep the other scrapings carefully. Carry them to that far off place, where dwells that wicked one. Mix them with water and give her to drink when thirst consumes her. When she has drained the bowl her punishment will fall upon her. Take, watch, and know that thou didst not come to Wi-wil-mekw in vain,—thou one of fearless heart.”

Then he who knew not fear returned to the wigwam and made the drink, and all came to



pass just as the demon had foretold. And when the snow was melting in the forest, the hunters returned to their far-off home, laden with game.

Night had fallen when, at last, the hunters reached the village. They found that a festival was being held. Torches were lighted everywhere about, and there was gaiety and dancing.

The hunter, who had braved the midnight darkness and the horrible demon knew that soon the dancers would be thirsty. So he prepared the magic potion as he had been directed, and silently waited. There amongst the dancers, merriest of all, and most beautiful, too, he saw the maiden so powerful in wicked deeds,—that witch of witches. Soon she came toward him athirst, and he held the bowl toward her. She drank, not noticing who had given her to drink. Then she joined the dancers again. But at each step in the dance, age settled upon her, until, when she had circled once about the room she had become a withered, little old woman, tottering and bent. Then she fell, and as her body touched the floor, it turned into powder.

So came about the end of that wicked one, who hid her wickedness deep down in her own heart.



## SAHAN THE ORPHAN

A Tlingit Legend, re-told from J. R. Swanton's *Tlingit Myths and Texts*, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 39.

**I**N the Tlingit country there lived a maiden and she was lonely, for her parents were dead. She had no relatives; she had no name; and so she went by the name of Sahan—orphan.

Sahan was modest and quiet. Her poor lodge was never found in disorder; but everywhere about were tokens of her thrift and ingenuity. These traits of character made Sahan a desirable companion for any maiden, for she was not yet old enough to be sought in marriage.

Now, in this same Tlingit country, there lived a man and his wife, high-caste people, who had four sons and one daughter. When they heard of Sahan's gentleness and attractiveness, they thought:

"What a good companion she will make for our daughter." So they adopted her as their own child.

The two maidens were devoted to each other, and when their parents saw them together, they would say:

“How fortunate we were in securing such a sister for our child.”

As time passed by, Sahan became fond of carrying water from a creek near by, and the sister would always accompany her. One day, when the two maidens were together at the creek, the sister became thirsty and was about to drink of the water.

“No, my sister,” Sahan said earnestly. “Do not drink here of the water; if you do, misfortune will surely follow you. Wait until we return to the lodge.”

But the sister would not wait. She drank of the water, and from that time a longing possessed her to drink from that particular place. And she spent much time there in drinking the water. Sahan’s protests and warnings were of no avail.

“Misfortune will surely abide with you, my sister, if you drink of the water.”

But Sahan’s warnings were unheeded. And then, it happened, that everything the sister undertook proved a failure. A deep sense of the approach of evil came upon her, and she wished, too late, that she had listened to the advice of Sahan. Soon she married a rich and powerful man, one who had never met misfortune in any way. But after his marriage one loss after another came upon him, and ever it seemed to be the fault of the wife. At last,

the man who had been so rich and powerful became poor on his wife's account.

"See the misfortune and distress you have brought upon me," he said to her one day. "All my wealth you have caused to be taken from me. Hunger is near us. You may return to your own people. I will try to escape from the cruel clutch of misfortune."

So the chief's daughter returned to her father, and the man set out to rebuild his fortunes.

Now it so happened, that this one met Sahan. He remembered her skill and industry, and there came to him the desire to have her for his wife. So they were married. This being in accordance with the customs of the Tlingit country.

From that day, everything prospered for this man. Sahan was very bright and knew how to care for his possessions, so very soon she had made him rich and powerful again. She was quiet, and paid a great deal of attention to the needs of her husband, whose life was now brightened with the glamour of desire gratified.

The village people, too, delighted in Sahan. Her industry was pleasing to them. They renounced any thought of procuring food, while Sahan's husband was so abundantly supplied.

As time passed, Sahan lived in luxury.

Even her dishes and spoons were set with abalone shells. Her two older brothers were just as fortunate as she, and often they would visit her; but the two younger ones were unlucky, like their sister.

Sahan was fond of the prosperous brothers, and placed before them her choicest dishes whenever they visited her. But for the two unlucky ones, she had little love.

"Go, get your best dishes to place before your brothers," her husband would say to her, when the unlucky ones happened to be there.

"No, I do not want them to use my good dishes. They might leave the marks of poverty upon them," Sahan would reply.

The years passed, years full of self-satisfaction and happiness to Sahan. She had arrived at that state in life when she believed herself to be of finer mould than the Tlingit people about her. She believed that everything she said or did was right because *she* had done the deed, or spoken the word.

*Then it was that the Great Spirit looked down upon Sahan in her pride!*

Soon her husband died, and when the burial rites were over, her husband's relatives entered his lodge.

"Our brother's lodge and his possessions belong now to us," they said to Sahan. "This is a Tlingit custom."

Sahan had known of the custom, but it had never occurred to her that the wealth which she had gained for her husband would ever leave her hands. But there was no help for her. The brothers chose to claim everything, and she—Sahan—was alone and poor. She, the haughty Sahan, had no place of shelter.

Then she remembered the little lodge where she had lived in those days so long ago, when she was a poor orphan. And thither she went, glad for a place of refuge.

Her adopted sister, whose husband Sahan had married, years before, ignored her. The two prosperous brothers, whom she had treated with such marked friendship, forgot her—now that she was poor. The unlucky younger brothers remembered the taunts and slights she had heaped upon them and they avoided her. So Sahan was alone and poor. Her days of prosperity and pride had given place to days of loneliness and poverty. This the Great Spirit had decreed.

## HOW WAKONTAS TESTED THE MAIDENS

An Ojibway Legend re-told from Young's *Algonquin Indian Tales*.

ONCE in the long ago, Wakontas lived in the beautiful country of Spirit Land where it is always sunshine. He was the son of a very powerful spirit there.

Now it happened that Wakontas could not find a wife in that land of sunshine to please him, and so he determined to visit the place of mortals and there seek for himself a wife. Long he wandered over the land, and in vain did he search for a maiden whom he would choose to be his wife.

At last, however, Wakontas in the appearance of a handsome young hunter entered a wigwam where dwelt two very beautiful maidens. They seemed lovely to him in every way. They were the most deserving of his affection of any maidens he had seen in his long journey. They were so attractive to him, that Wakontas loved them both! But only one maiden might he choose for his wife, and Wakontas turned first this way, then that, in his indecision.

"Which maiden shall I choose?" Wakontas asked himself, over and over again.



Now, while the two maidens seemed equally lovely of character, yet there was a great difference at heart: for one maiden was proud and selfish, while the other was gentle and kind, and sought only the happiness of other people.

"Which shall I choose?" Wakontas repeated. "Ah! I will test these maidens. It must be that one is more perfect than the other. Yes, I will test them."

Then Wakontas asked the father for his daughter in marriage not saying which maiden he meant. And the father agreed that the wedding might be after the bride price should be paid. So, very quickly, Wakontas aided by his magic powers produced the bride price, and then began his testing of the maidens.

After Wakontas had told the maidens that he was about to set out upon a hunting trip, he entered the forest, where he quickly transformed himself into a poor, old man, feeble, hungry, and in rags. He waited until all the family but the two maidens had set out in the large canoe, and then he tremblingly approached the doorway. He drew aside the skins and stood before the two maidens, looking beseechingly from one to the other.

"*Auwasta kena!* Get out! go away, you!" the proud sister screamed at him angrily.

"Ah! but I have great hunger, my daugh-





*Photo by Mooney. By courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.*  
A HOPI MAIDEN.



ter," the old man pleaded, "and I am very weary. Give me to eat!"

But the proud sister kept repeating still more angrily: "*Auwasta kena!*"

The old man then turned to Omemee, the gentle maiden. She had been looking pityingly at him, while her sister was ordering him to go away. Omemee took him by the hand and led him to her side of the wigwam. After she had made the seat of deerskin comfortable for him, she built a fire beside him and soon had cooked venison, which she placed before him to eat, and broth did the maiden give to the old man, and no thanks would she receive from him, only saying:

"It gives me great joy to be of service." Then noticing that the old man's moccasins were worn, she placed upon his feet beautifully embroidered ones, moccasins worked by her own skilful hands.

And all this while, the proud sister kept up a ceaseless chatter of abuse. "Why," she cried, "such people should be put to death by their relatives." This talk passed unnoticed by Omemee and the old man, and soon he went on his way, rested and cheered by the kindness of Omemee.

As the afternoon passed, the maidens knew that Wakontas would soon be returning from the hunt; both maidens greatly desired to be

looked upon with favour by him, and both would appear before him in finest gown of white doeskin. The proud sister began her toilet as soon as the poor stranger had left the wigwam; but Omemee thought of her parents and her brothers and sisters returning from their journey, tired and hungry.

"It is best for me to prepare the evening meal for my people." So after a brief moment spent upon her toilet she prepared the bear's meat, and venison, and fish, for the evening meal.

Soon the sound of happy voices on the river announced the return of the family, and the two maidens went forth to meet them. To their amazement, they saw Wakontas in a finely wrought canoe beside the large canoe of their father. When they landed, the maidens saw that the young hunter wore upon his feet the beaded moccasins which Omemee had given to the hungry, weary stranger that afternoon.

Before a word could be said, the young hunter stood before them.

"This afternoon," he said, looking from one to the other, "as a weary, old man, hungry and lonely, I entered thy wigwam. From one maiden I received abuse and insult. From the other, such kindness and pity were bestowed upon me, that I saw how truly gentle of heart she was. She gave to the poor old stranger

her choicest gifts, the best food and drink, the beautiful moccasins. Long have I searched for a wife who would possess such virtues as does the maiden Omemee. The bride price is paid. I would wed this maiden. And as for that other; let her be an aspen tree, that she may no longer disturb people with her abuse and chatter!"

As Wakontas uttered these words, to the horror of those about, the proud sister slowly changed into an aspen tree. Before the power of Wakontas, she was helpless. Nevermore would she trouble people with her abuse.

Then Wakontas turned to Omemee. "But, Omemee, thou art my heart's choice. I am Wakontas, and to the land of sunshine will I take thee." And as his arms touched Omemee, the two were transformed into white doves. Together they soared high in the air; together they made their way under the blue sky to their home in the beautiful land of the sunshine.

## THE PRIDE OF PEETA KWAY

An Iroquois Legend re-told from *Schoolcraft*.

ONCE there lived on the sand mountains beside a lake, an old woman called Peeta Kway, who had magical power. Peeta Kway had a beautiful daughter with locks of sunlight: a maiden as modest as she was lovely.

The braves throughout all the land heard of the maiden, and many were the strong, young warriors who went to old Peeta Kway desiring the maiden. But the old woman made one excuse after another, and sent them all away. She hoped that some very powerful chief might come for her daughter.

One day, there came to the old woman's wigwam a brave, tall and fearless. He, too, came seeking the beautiful maiden with the shining hair; but Peeta Kway sent him away, as she had done all the others. Then, fearing that some one might carry her lovely daughter off, Peeta Kway put her into a box and kept her on the lake. Every day, Peeta Kway would go down the sand mountain to the shore of the lake, and draw in the box by the cord which



secured it. She would give the maiden food and comb her long, shining hair. Then Peeta Kway would secure her in the box again, and send it out into the lake.

One day, a young brave happened by as Peeta Kway was combing the maiden's hair, and he greatly longed for the maiden. He went at once to his uncle, a powerful chief who was a great magician.

"Go to the old woman, my nephew," he said, "but say no word to her, sit down quietly, and whatever you *think*, she will understand and answer you in her thoughts."

So the young brave went to the wigwam of Peeta Kway on the sand mountain. He sat down in silence. He thought: "I wish that she would give me her daughter." His head was dropped in a thoughtful manner, and he listened to understand what her thoughts might be in answer to his.

"Have my daughter, indeed, you!" she thought. "No, indeed, my daughter shall never marry you."

The brave left the wigwam silently, and returned to his uncle.

"Proud of heart," the uncle said. "We will try her magic skill, and see whether she can withstand us."

Then he summoned all the spirits living on the shore of the lake to meet in council. They



talked of the pride of Peeta Kway. "We must humble her. We will punish her through her daughter, the maiden of the sunlight hair," they said.

Then the sky grew grey, and great clouds gathered over the lake. The water rose in great waves, and before Peeta Kway could reach the box to save it, the cord was broken and the box was drawn far out in the lake. Down, down the lake the waves drew it, until it reached the lodge of an old spirit, the keeper of the lakes. He opened the box and let out the beautiful maiden.

Plead as hard as she might, the old keeper of the lakes would not let her go. "No," he said, "you must stay here and be my wife." So the maiden of the beautiful, shining hair was kept a prisoner by the old keeper of the lakes. Day after day she wandered by the shore of the lake, hoping that her mother might rescue her. But Peeta Kway's power had left her.

All this time the old woman was mourning for her daughter and would not be comforted. At length, after four snows had passed, the Spirits of the lake decided to return the maiden to her home. "For," they said, "Peeta Kway has been humbled enough."

Soon there was a terrible storm, the greatest storm ever known, and when the maiden saw

the waves dashing high on the shore, something seemed to say to her:

“Hurry into the box for safety.”

The maiden hastened to the water with the box and stepped inside, closing down the cover. Then the box was washed far up the lake by the wild waves, and was soon high up on the shore in front of the sand mountain where Peeta Kway's wigwam was.

The old woman saw the box washed ashore, and ran down the sand mountain with her heart full of joy. She tremblingly tore open the box. There before her was her daughter, the maiden who had been so beautiful. But all of her beauty was gone. Her face was sad, and all the light had gone from it, and her hair was dull and grey. All the sunshine had gone from her.

But Peeta Kway loved her daughter, and she thought that perhaps the silent young brave might even now desire her. She sent a messenger to him.

“You once desired my daughter. I am now willing that she should be your wife.”

It was too late! The brave answered: “I shall not marry your daughter. She was married to the keeper of the lakes.”

Then Peeta Kway's heart was heavy with grief. She looked at her daughter and thought:

“Alas! my pride, it has brought this disaster upon us. Alas! my daughter; if I had been content with that which was within my reach, this misery would not have fallen upon her. Alas! my daughter. Alas! my pride.”

## THE OLD WOMAN AND THE PECANS

A Tale from the Caddo re-told from Dorsey's *Traditions of the Caddo*, collected under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute.

ONCE upon a time there lived a wicked, old, ugly woman. She was mother to all the pecan trees. She owned all the pecan trees that grew in the world.

This old woman was as selfish as she was ugly. She gathered every nut from the trees, and would not allow the people to have any, except when they visited her lodge. Then she would give each visitor a few nuts and make him eat every one before he left the lodge, because she was determined that no one should have any seed to plant for pecan trees.

Now the people were very fond of the nuts, and they often wondered how they might obtain some from the old woman. At last, a famine came upon the people and they were very hungry. And all this time the old woman had her lodge filled with pecans, the only food anywhere about. The hungry people grew angry with the old woman, and called a council to determine what should be done with her.

In this same village there lived an old man of the field-rat tribe, with his four little sons. These boys were so meddlesome that they were nuisances to the entire village. And when some one in the council said:

"Let the children of the field-rat go to the old woman's lodge in the night, and perhaps they can steal the nuts for us. If the old woman should kill them, they will be no loss to us." All the people thought that the boys were just suited to such an adventure as this, and the rats, glad to be meddling, were very willing to go.

The boys waited that night until they thought the old woman was asleep, then one crept to her lodge and peeped through an opening. He saw the old woman still at work. But he waited until she had completed her task and had gone to bed. Even then the boy waited until he knew by her breathing that she was fast asleep. Then he ran to summon his brothers. But when he reached his father's lodge, he found Coyote there.

"Do not bother about the old woman," said Coyote, "for I am going over to-morrow to kill her. She is too wicked to live, keeping food from the people when there is a famine."

So the rats did not carry out the plan of the council, and Coyote went over to the old woman's lodge in the early morning.

The old woman gave Coyote a few pecans, and he ate them hungrily, and then said:

“Good mother, only give me more of the pecans, for I have great hunger.”

When the old woman turned her back to get the pecans, Coyote killed her with his stone knife. And ever since that time the pecan trees have grown everywhere and belong to all of the people.

## A MAIDEN'S CURIOSITY

**I**N the days of the ancients, Indians might visit the Island of the Blessed. In those days, too,—as in these days—there lived people who brought great trouble and misfortune upon others, by their heedless curiosity.

In a certain village, there lived such a maiden, whose curiosity brought grief and sorrow upon one who had travelled over a rocky, difficult trail to the Island of the Blessed.

In this same village, in that ancient time, there lived a young brave, Sayadio, and his sister. The maiden was as the light of the morning to Sayadio: she was, to him, as the bright sun at noon-day which makes all the earth glad.

Behold! death claimed the maiden. Her soul departed to the Land of Souls, to the Island of the Blessed.

Then was Sayadio exceeding sad of heart; with his head covered and bent to the ground, he mourned. But, one night, when everything was dark and still, Sayadio's *manitto*, his guardian spirit, visited him.

"My son," the guardian spirit said, "thou mayest journey to the Land of Souls and once more see thy beloved one, thy sister."



Sayadio's heart became light and he hastened to prepare for the journey, determining to bring back with him from the Land of Souls, his dear sister. When all was in readiness, Sayadio set out from his wigwam, not knowing that the way was a long and dreary one for mortals to travel. But as the days passed, and Sayadio seemed no nearer his sister's abode, he had great weariness of heart. Faint and footsore, he thought:

"I shall never reach that one, I cannot find the trail to the Island of the Blessed. I will return to my dreary wigwam, and when the Great Spirit calls me, then will I go to her."

Just at that moment, there came along the lonely road toward Sayadio, a little, old man holding a curious looking cup with a long handle and with a cover that fitted closely over it. He stopped in front of Sayadio and said:

"Follow this trail. It is a rocky, gloomy trail for mortals to travel. But follow the trail, and in the end thou shalt reach the Island of the Blessed. Take this cup. Imprison in it the maiden's soul. Only remember one thing. Keep it carefully closed until life returns to the body. On no account allow any one to open the cup after the soul of the maiden has been captured. I have said." And the little, old man disappeared.

Sayadio, with the cup held closely in his

hand, journeyed on with a light heart, and after many moons reached the Land of Souls. But the spirits were afraid of him. Whenever he approached them, they fled. He saw his sister and called to her. Again and again Sayadio cried to her, but she fled from him, and the sadness in Sayadio's heart was greater than he could bear.

"I have taken this journey hither: I have followed this long trail filled with many dangers: at last I have found my sister,—and she hastens from me in fear." Then he remembered the magic cup which the old man had given him. "I will capture her soul. I will take her back to the land of mortals," he determined.

Then Sayadio saw the spirits gathering together for the Spirit dance, and the leader, knowing his thoughts, came toward him and gave him a mystic rattle of great power.

Sayadio beat the rattle, and at once the spirits began a strange, bewildering dance. In the circle of dancers, Sayadio saw his sister. He held his cup uncovered to capture her. Nearer and nearer she came in the circle, and as she passed, Sayadio, suddenly, bent forward and swept her into his magic cup, hastily fastening down the cover. The spirit struggled to free itself, but Sayadio held it securely, and bent his steps toward the country of mortals.

When he reached his native village, his first care was to place the magic cup in some place secure from any enemy or any curious person, for he remembered the warning of the old man on the lonely road.

“Do not let *any one* open the cup before the maiden’s body is reanimated; if you do, great trouble will come to you.” So Sayadio warned every one not to touch the precious cup. And every one remembered his command, except one heedless maiden.

This one greatly longed to see the soul of the maiden imprisoned in the covered cup. She waited near the lodge, thinking: “There can be no harm, if I open the cover a *little* way. No one will know. I will move the cover just enough to *peep* within. Sayadio will never know, no one will know.”

While the preparations were being made for the ceremonies of the resurrection, the maiden could no longer endure her ungratified curiosity. That heedless one sought to find the magic cup. And when the body of the maiden had been brought from its burial place to be reanimated by its spirit,—when all hearts were filled with hope that soon the loved one of all the village would be with them in life again,—*at that moment* that heedless maiden found the magic cup and quickly opened it to look within.

Out from the cup flew the imprisoned soul!

Out of the lodge, up into the clear, blue sky it floated, never pausing to listen to the pleadings of her brother, who stood before his wigwam calling to her to return.

Such was the work of a heedless maiden of the long ago, whose curiosity wrought great trouble and sorrow.

## THE TRIUMPH OF THE EAST WIND'S DAUGHTER

A Tlingit Legend re-told from Swanton's *Tlingit Myths and Texts* in Smithsonian Institution Bureau of Ethnology Bulletin No. 39.

**S**A-NAXET, the East Wind, had a very beautiful daughter whom he gave in marriage to a high-caste man of the Tlingits.

Very proud and happy was this high-caste man of the Tlingits. "I have for my wife the most beautiful maiden on this island," he boasted, "search where one may."

As time passed, the people grew weary of his bragging, and one day when he was praising his wife's beauty, one near him said:

"You have never seen the daughter of Xun, the North Wind, if you say that your wife is the most beautiful person in the world."

"Have you ever seen the daughter of Xun, the North Wind?" the people asked him spitefully.

"I have never heard of Xun, the North Wind's daughter," the high-caste man replied. "Where may she be found?"

"Far to the North dwells the maiden," they told him, "and her garments glisten with won-

derful lights, they are so rich and valuable; and as she moves there is a sound as of many abalone shells making songs."

"Xun, the North Wind, must have great wealth," thought the high-caste man. "I will go to the land of Xun, the North Wind."

The high-caste man set out from his village, and after many moons he reached the land of the North Wind. He found the maiden to be far lovelier than he had thought a maiden could be, and he sought her in marriage. After they had been married a few snows, the high-caste man brought his beautiful wife back to his native village, where his first wife still lived.

When the people saw the daughter of Xun, the North Wind, how her clothing sparkled with colours and lights, they hastened to the lodge of the East Wind's daughter.

"There is such a beautiful woman in our village," they said to this one. "She is the wife of that high-caste man, thy husband."

Anger and jealousy quickly gathered in the heart of the neglected wife, and she answered their taunts with dark, gloomy countenance:

"Soon will I take away the beauty of that one. Wait and see!"

Then it began to grow cloudy and warm, and the beautiful maiden—the daughter of Xun, the North Wind, felt a strange fear come upon her. Her glistening garments grew dull;

the wonderful colours in them seemed to disappear. And then the light went out from the heart of the maiden. Her beauty was gone. For it had been but the beauty of clothing, that glamour made by the unstable frost. And the jealous daughter of the East Wind had deprived her of her lovely garments. Henceforth she would be a plain, little maiden—no longer the pride of her husband.

And the heart of the East Wind's daughter grew strong again. "It may be," she thought, "that my husband will remember my beauty, when he sees the plainness of that one."



## OOCHIGEASKW THE LITTLE SCARRED GIRL

A Micmac Legend from *Glooscap the Great Chief* by E. N. Partridge.

**I**N the olden time there was a large Indian village on the shore of a great lake. At one end of the village there lived an Indian with his three daughters. The mother was dead, and the two elder daughters did all the work of the wigwam.

The youngest child was a timid, sickly little girl. Her sisters hated her and were very cruel to her. When her father was away on hunting trips, they would beat her and abuse her in every way they could think of. They would even burn her with hot ashes and fire brands. After a while, the little girl became so covered with burns that they left scars all over her face and body; and her hair was singed close to her skin.

When her father returned from a hunting trip and saw her, he said:

“Why are you so burned and scarred?” But she was so afraid of her sisters that she dared not tell him.

“Oh, she is determined to play in the hot

ashes," the cruel sisters said. "We cannot keep her away from them and so she is burned."

After a while the cruel sisters began calling the little girl *Oochigeaskw*, *Little Scarred One*. And then all of the Indians about, even her father, called her *Oochigeaskw*. So this became her name—the only name she had—*Little Scarred One*. She had no playmates—for who would want to play with such a scarred little creature?

Little *Oochigeaskw* was often very lonely. She would sit on the shore and look away across the water and long for her mother to come back to her. She knew that if only her mother were with her, all would be changed. There would be no cruel sisters: there would be no scars and sores: people would not taunt her and point their fingers at her: she would not be lonely any more.

But wish as much as she might the mother never came back to *Oochigeaskw*, for she was dead.

Now, away at the other end of the village there lived a young Indian brave with his sister. This brave's name was *Team-moose*; for his *teomul*—the one who guarded him and gave him magical power—was a moose. *Team* could make himself invisible to every one but

his sister. And he knew that when there should be an Indian maiden who had the power to see him when he was invisible to other people, she would be the one meant for his wife. So he sent out word that whatever maiden should see him, her would he marry.

Team was brave and handsome; he had the finest lodge in the village; he caught more game than any of the other Indians; so of course, every maiden longed to see him, and to be the fortunate one.

They visited his lodge, sometimes going alone and sometimes in twos or threes. Team's sister would entertain them kindly, then toward sunset she would take them to the shore of the lake. When the sound of Team's paddle could be heard, the sister would ask:

"Do you see my brother?" The girls would strain their eyes in the direction of the sound, but they could never see Team. Sometimes one would think that she could *make believe* see him, and that they would not find out; so she would answer:

"Yes, I see him." Then the sister would ask:

"Of what is his shoulder strap made?"

Now there were only two things the Indians used for shoulder straps. Usually they were made of raw-hide, but sometimes they used a withe from an ash tree. So the answer would

be, "Oh, it is made of raw-hide," or, "It is made of a withe." The sister would then say, "Let us return to the lodge."

So try as hard as they might, they could not see the hunter.

At last, the little scarred girl's two sisters thought that they would try their luck. They dressed themselves in their prettiest clothes; they made long braids of their hair and wound them with strings of bright little shells; and then they set off for the lodge of Team. But they fared no better than the others, although the eldest sister said that she could see Team.

"Of what is his shoulder strap made?" Team's sister quickly asked her.

"Of raw-hide," she answered.

When the three returned to the lodge, the two girls stayed and helped prepare the evening meal, for they thought, "We can surely see him when he is eating."

But, although they heard the sound of the game dropped to the ground outside the door, and although they could see his moccasins as soon as his sister touched them, they could not see Team. When he ate, as soon as he touched the food, it became invisible.

The maidens stayed all night with Team's sister, and then in the morning they returned to their wigwam, cross and disappointed, to vent their anger upon the little scarred girl.

They found that their father had reached home while they were away, and that he had brought a great store of shells. So they began stringing the wampum.

Oochigeaskw knew that her sisters had been to Team's lodge, and she thought:

"Perhaps *I* could see him. Perhaps *I* could see Team, and then I should not have to live here with my cruel sisters."

Then she remembered that she had no clothing—she was in rags. *What should she do!* She saw a birch tree in its beautiful white covering and she said:

"I'll make a garment of that."

So she made herself a skirt and jacket of the birch bark. She found a pair of old moccasins her father had thrown away, and she soaked them in water, and tried to make them fit her feet. But they were so large that they reached to her knees.

Then Oochigeaskw went to her sisters, busy with the bright little shells, and said:

"Oh, give me some of the pretty shells."

But they sneered at her and sent her away. Again and again she went to them, begging:

"Do give me some of the pretty little shells! Do give me some of the pretty little shells."

At last they gave her a few, such pretty ones: yellow and blue and green and white!

Oochigeaskw trimmed the moccasins and skirt and coat with the shells, and then she wound strings of them about her head. She had no beautiful braids to be adorned with them, and she was so ashamed. But she started out bravely in search of Team, the wonderful hunter.

When her sisters saw her going away they cried:

“Where are you going? Come back, you little scarred one!”

But Oochigeaskw was afraid of them no longer.

“I will not go back to you, and I am going to the lodge of Team,” she called out.

As she passed through the village, the children threw stones at her, shouting:

“Oochigeaskw, Oochigeaskw! Go back! Go back!”

Some of the stones struck her and hurt her, but she kept on. Even the men and women laughed, pointing at her and calling:

“Oochigeaskw! Oh, Oochigeaskw, little scarred one! Go back! Go back!”

But, at last, Oochigeaskw reached the lodge of Team. The sister greeted her kindly, and at sunset the two went down to the shore. Away in the distance sounded the faint *dip, dip* of a paddle. The two maidens stood with their hands shading their eyes, looking in the direc-



tion from which the sound came. At last the sister said:

“Do you see my brother?”

Oochigeaskw looked eagerly up the lake.

“Yes! I see him!” she said at length.

“Of what is his shoulder strap made?” the sister asked.

Oochigeaskw looked searchingly again.

“*Why, it is made of a rainbow!*” she cried.

“Ah, you have seen my brother! Now let us hasten to the lodge, that I may prepare you to meet him when he comes.”

The two maidens hurried to the lodge, and the sister opened a large chest full of the most beautiful clothing Oochigeaskw had ever seen. Then the sister prepared to bathe her; and Oochigeaskw hung her head for shame because of her scars and burns. But, as soon as the water touched her—such a wonderful thing happened! The scarred and burned flesh disappeared, and beautiful fresh skin appeared in its place.

Then the sister began arranging her hair. When Oochigeaskw thought of her scorched, stubby hair she felt like crying, for every Indian bride prides herself upon her long braids of hair; and Oochigeaskw’s hair was burned close to her skin. When the sister began to brush it, there came fine beautiful, glossy, black hair from under the brush, and soon the



long braids were bound with the strings of bright shells, and Oochigeaskw was arrayed in her wedding garments. Then the sister seated her in the wife's place next to the door and the two waited for the coming of Team.

At last they heard the game as it fell to the ground outside the wigwam door. The skins at the doorway were drawn aside, and Team stood there. He looked at Oochigeaskw in her wedding garments, waiting for him in the wife's seat—and he smiled down at her.

“At last we have met,” he said to her.

Oochigeaskw looked up at Team and answered:

“Yes.”

And so they were married. And Oochigeaskw's days of sorrow and loneliness were brought to an end.

And *kespeadooksit*—the story ends.

## THE TURKEY GIRL

A Zuñi Legend re-told from Cushing's *Zuñi Folk-Tales*.

**L**ONG, long ago, there lived a little girl who was all alone in the world. She had no father or mother; she had no brothers or sisters; she had no grandmother—there was no one in all the world to be kind to the little girl. The only name she had was *Little Turkey Girl*.

The little girl lived just outside the village in a lonely hut. All day long she watched flocks of turkeys, and at sunset she drove them into their pens. For this work she received scraps of food and an old, worn-out garment, now and then.

Because the little turkey girl had no one to show her any kindness, she greatly desired it. And she gave that kindness to her turkeys which she longed to receive from people. And the turkeys grew to love the maiden, and they would obey her call. They called her *maiden-mother*, when they talked to one another about her. But this the maiden did not know.

One day, the maiden was driving her turkeys into the plains, when she heard the herald-

priest proclaiming that in four days' time there would be held the dance of the Sacred Bird. Now the little turkey girl had never in all her life been to a dance or a party of any kind, and she *so longed* to go to this dance.

"If only I might go!" she thought. "But they would not even allow me to watch the dancing. And I have never been to a party in all my life!"

All the youths and maidens of the village would be there. She would be the only one who could not go. For who would allow such a ragged, dirty, little creature as she to enter the place of dancing?

Every day after that, the turkey girl saw the people busy with their preparations, as she drove her turkeys out into the plains. She could hear them talking and laughing, and her heart was filled with pain and longing. So she talked to her turkeys about it, telling them how much she longed to go to the dance, never dreaming that the turkeys could understand her, for they had never spoken to her.

But when the turkeys were alone, they talked with one another about it. "Our maiden-mother must go to the dance," they determined. So on the day when all the people of Matsaki were hurrying to Zuñi, the turkey leader spoke to the maiden.

"We know thy thoughts, maiden-mother,

and because thou hast always been so kind to us, we will help thee. Only in thy happiness do not forget us, who—although we can help thee—still depend upon thee. We will make it possible for thee to go to the dance, but thou must promise to return to us before the sun sets. If thou dost keep thy promise, then happiness will be thine; if thou dost forget us, then misfortune will fall upon thee.”

The maiden promised them again and again that she would not forget them, and so they had her take them to their pens in the early afternoon. There the old turkeys brushed her clothing until, by their magical power, they had made it beautiful and silky. Then other turkeys went around her with outstretched wings, brushing her body—and the old, coarse, soiled skin became changed into clean, beautiful flesh. Then in the same way they brushed her hair. And other turkeys produced jewels for her, and soon the little turkey girl was transformed into a lovely Zuñi maiden, more richly clothed than any one she had ever seen.

“Now leave the wicket open, maiden-mother,” they said to her. “It may be that thou wilt forget us, who need thee. Remember thy promise to be with us when the sun is setting.”

The maiden with a happy heart promised, and hastened away to Zuñi, the lightest-

hearted maiden in all the land. When she reached the place of the dance, all wondered who this beautiful stranger might be, and one after another of the young braves invited her to join in the dance. In dance after dance she sped about, entirely forgetting the patient turkeys waiting for her in their pens. Then the sun grew in the west, and the maiden thought:

“But I shall have time for just one more dance before I leave this lovely life.” And so she danced on. Before she could understand quite how it had happened, the sun had disappeared in the west. Then the maiden sped from the dance hall, and being very fleet of foot was far on her way to the turkey pens before the people had realised that she was gone.

When, at last, the turkey girl reached the place there was quiet everywhere about; the air seemed empty. In the dim light the maiden saw that the wicket was open. She called to her turkeys, but there was no answer except her own echo. Then looking toward the mountains, she saw her turkeys hurrying away. Calling to them, the maiden sped after them. She approached so near to them that she could hear their song as they fled.

“Our maiden-mother lingers long at the dance,” they sang. “She has forgotten us, therefore we will go away.”

“Come back to me!” she called to them,  
“come back to me, my turkey children!”

But the turkeys, singing their sad little song, spread out their wings and flew away across the plains below.

The maiden threw up her arms in despair. She was all alone now! Her dear turkeys were gone, the only ones in all the world who had shown her kindness! Just then, she happened to look at her gown. *She was in her old, soiled rags again!* The beautiful clothing and jewelry had disappeared. And she remembered the words of the turkeys:

“If thou dost forget us who give thee good fortune, then thou art deserving of misfortune only.”

And the little turkey girl went down the mountain, and back into her lonely, little hut where all was empty, and dark, and cold.

And thus the story ends.

## NIPON THE SUMMER MAIDEN

An Algonquin Legend re-told from *Kuloskap* by Leland and Prince.

**L**ONG ago, in the olden time, there lived a beautiful maiden. She was the Summer maiden, and the Indians called her Nipon.

Nipon's wigwam was in the land of the Sun, and there she dwelt, never wandering far from her home in the wonderful Sun land, where the flowers were always blooming, and where the leaves of the trees were always green.

The Summer maiden, Nipon, adorned herself with soft, shining green leaves interwoven with fragrant flowers. And she decked with blossoms her wigwam—the only wigwam in all the Sun land.

Nipon lived alone in the Sun land. Yet it was not a lonely land for the Summer maiden, for she was ever caring for her flowers.

Sometimes people came to her in the beautiful Sun land. Her grandmother, who lived in a far-off land, would come—her grandmother, whom they called K'me-wan, the Rain. And whenever K'me-wan visited the Sun land she would say:



“Thou child of my child, this one thing I charge thee, and would bind thee with a solemn pledge. If thou shouldst ever wander from the Sun land into other lands, never, in thy wanderings, go to the land of the North. For there dwells thine enemy—an ancient and terrible foe. He is Poon, whom people call the Winter. He will imprison thee, and torture thee. Poon will drive thy beauty from thee. Thy soft green gown, Poon, the Winter will cause to fade; and thy gleaming hair he will change to grey, and all thy youth and strength will leave thee, for Poon will make thee old and weak.”

The Summer maiden, Nipon, did not keep the warnings of her grandmother in her heart, but carelessly threw them aside. One day Nipon stood in the sunshine in front of her wigwam of flowers and leaves; she the Summer maiden, looked upon the fair world about her. She looked to the North where Poon, the Winter, made his home. And a strange longing came over her. She looked again to the North land.

“There is a land of sunshine, too,” she thought. For the whole North seemed bathed in sunlight. And she saw the high mountains and the rivers and the lakes gleaming in the far-off light.

“I would go to that distant North land,”



THE SUMMER MAIDEN LOOKED UPON THE FAIR WORLD ABOUT HER.



Nipon said, her heart aching with longing. And then the warning of her grandmother K'me-wan, the Rain, came to her, "Thou child of my child, go not to the North land." But the Summer maiden defiantly shook her head.

"I would go to that distant North land," she said again.

So Nipon forgot the words of her grandmother. The Summer maiden, Nipon, departed from her wigwam of green leaves and blossoming flowers; Nipon left the wonderful Sun land and set out for the alluring North land in the distance. And as she journeyed she heard the voice of some one wailing. Nipon listened. It was the voice of her grandmother, K'me-wan, the Rain.

"Thou child of my child," the voice called from afar, for Nipon could not see her grandmother, the Rain. "Thou child of my child, do not leave the Sun land. Do not go to the North land, the land of Poon, the Winter. For he will surely destroy thee. Do not go."

Her grandmother's voice grew fainter and fainter, and at last it sounded like the far-off wail of the wind—"Do not go! *Do not go!*"

But Nipon hastened on. For many days, and lo! for many moons, she journeyed. Her bright blossoms and shining green leaves began to fade. But the Summer maiden cared

not; for she was hastening to the North land, to the land of Poon, the Winter. The sun was still shining upon her, and she had no fear.

But one day Nipon noticed that the mountains and hills and rivers were moving forward as she moved. And she wondered how this could be. And while she stood wondering she was quiet and still. And in the stillness there came to her from the distance the faint whisper of her grandmother, K'me-wan, the Rain, and the Summer maiden stood very still and listened. Then the voice came nearer and clearer:

*"Thou child of my child, do not go to the North land, to the land of cruel Poon, the Winter. Stay, my daughter!"*

Then the Summer maiden closed her ears to the words of K'me-wan and set out with her face toward the North land. And still the land moved on before her. And then something so strange came over her, and the cold of winter chilled her. Then she saw that her beautiful gown of green leaves and bright flowers was tattered and torn. The leaves had turned yellow and many were blown away by the North winds, and the bright blossoms, still clinging to their places, were dead.

The Summer maiden then remembered the words of her grandmother. And a strange fear filled her heart as she quickly looked at her

glistening hair. There, instead of the braids of gleaming sunshine, Nipon saw long braids of white hair. And a heavy pain came into her heart, for Nipon knew that Poon, the Winter, had her in his grasp.

Then the Sun was hidden by thick snow clouds and everything grew grey and there was a cold mist about. And then the mountain which had journeyed on before her became covered with snow, and the rivers and lakes were coated with ice. And Nipon grew weak, and could not move; and the snow fell pitilessly about her.

In the far-off land where K'me-wan, the Rain, dwelt there was sadness. For K'me-wan looked toward the distant wigwam of Nipon and saw no smoke arising, and she said:

"Alas, my grandchild, she has not returned from the land of cruel Poon, the Winter." And K'me-wan hastened to Nipon's wigwam in the silent Sun land. There she found the leaves and flowers withered and dead; for Poon the cruel Winter held Nipon in his grasp.

"I must save her," K'me-wan thought. So she summoned her bravest warriors, who were invisible. They were the South wind, the East wind and with them was Sen-u-sok-tun, who was called the warming breeze. And K'me-wan said:

"Hasten to the North land, use all your



magical power. Hasten to rescue the Summer maiden from cruel Poon, the Winter."

The warriors hastened unseen to the distant North land. And as they neared it, Poon felt ill at ease. His magical power told him that trouble was coming fast upon him. So he called his warriors to him, the North wind—the pitiless one, and his brother the Northwest wind. Then he summoned the chill, cold Northeast wind and all the spirits of the sleet and snow.

"My warriors, our foes are flying upon us from the South land. Hasten to meet them in battle." Even as Poon spoke the sweat dropped from his brow and his face became thin.

"I feel them coming," he panted. "Hasten to do them battle!" And the mighty wind giants flew to the fight. The air was thick with great snowflakes and heavy hail stones; and the cold winds urged them on. But as they hastened, they met the warm rain drops and they melted and fell helpless to the ground. The winds roared, and the thunder shook the North land. And Nipon, almost buried in the snow, grew greyer and weaker. But the warm South winds and the soft, melting rain pressed on until the drops on Poon's face fell faster and faster, and he grew so weak that at last he fell to the ground.



"I shall surely perish," he thought. "Ah! it is that Summer maiden, who has brought all this trouble upon me." And Poon summoned a warrior to him.

"It is this Nipon, who is making such trouble for us. Hasten to set her free, otherwise I shall be conquered by her."

The warrior set Nipon free as Poon had commanded. At that very instant the winds became silent, the snow ceased falling, and the rain disappeared. The Summer maiden turned wearily to the south to her home in the Sun land. She stumbled forward on her journey, travelling for many moons with a faint heart. But at last she saw before her the sunshine, and hope crept into her heart again. She entered this land of sunshine, and soon she came to where there were green trees and bright flowers and birds gaily singing. Nipon stepped forward with a firmer tread. The way was no longer dreary, *for her heart was filled with hope*. Her grey hair was beginning to glisten with sunshine again, and her face grew younger and fairer. Then, at last, her youth and beauty came back to her. The birds and the butterflies knew her and sang, "Our own has come back to us." And the trees and flowers echoed the song "Our own has come back to us."

When Nipon reached her grandmother's country, she found the rain clouds heavy about

it. Thick rain was falling, the winds blew, and the thunder roared, but Nipon went into the heart of the storm and at last in a flash of lightning she saw K'me-wan's wigwam.

K'me-wan was weak and worn. "Ah, child of my child, thou hast well-nigh killed me with thy disobedience!" K'me-wan lamented.

"My grandmother," Nipon answered, "I did not know that Poon was so wicked and cruel. The North land looked so bright and alluring to me, I was filled with longing to go to it. And I thought that thou didst not know."

K'me-wan turned wearily on her bed. "Thou child of my child," she said, "thou hast brought great suffering upon us all. If my warriors had not won the victory over Poon, all life would have died. Over all the earth Winter would have spread his garment of ice and snow. Take warning, thou heedless one, for never again can I make such a struggle to save the world from the rule of ice and snow."

Then Nipon, sorrowing for her disobedience, passed out of K'me-wan's wigwam into the storm. She journeyed on through the wind and rain until at last she came to her own Sun land.

Nipon, the Summer maiden, weaving a garment of soft green leaves and bright flowers said:

“My own Sun land, never again will I leave thee.”

And from over all the land Nipon heard the soft, happy song:

“Nipon, our own, has come back to us—has come back to us.”

## THE PUNISHMENT OF TIS-SE-YAK

A Legend of the Yosemite Valley re-told from U. S. Geog. and Geol. Survey, Vol. III.

**L**ONG ago, in the early days, in a far-off country, an Indian and his wife went upon a journey. They travelled for many moons, and at last, foot-sore and weary, they entered the Yosemite Valley.

Now Tis-se-yak, the wife, bore a very heavy burden. She bent far over under the weight of her heavy conical basket, which she carried strapped across her forehead. Although the burden was so great, Tis-se-yak strode far ahead of her husband, who was walking easily in the distance behind her, with a rude staff in his hand and a blanket thrown over his shoulder. Tis-se-yak, although so weary and worn, moved with quick steps, for there was deep anger in her heart. She, the woman—the weaker one—must be the beast of burden, while the strong, young warrior behind her walked lightly aided by his staff and bearing only his blanket! And the woman hastened forward, goaded on by her bitter resentment.

It happened that these Indians were very thirsty, for they had travelled far in a land without water. As they entered the valley, they saw before them a lake of water, sparkling and blue in the sunshine. Both hastened forward to drink of the cool waters; but the woman, being far in advance of the man, reached the water's side first.

Tis-se-yak knelt beside the lake, and drank long, deep draughts of the water. Her thirst would not be quenched. So, in her anger, little caring whether or not there were any water for her husband, she drank every drop before her!

So, it befell that when the man reached the place, the water of the lake was gone! There was not even one little drop with which he might quench his thirst. And the thing the woman, Tis-se-yak, had done, kindled his heart with fierce anger. So he seized his staff and smote her.

Tis-se-yak fled before him, and he pursued her and beat her yet the more. And the woman wept, and in her anger, she turned about reviling the man, and threw her basket at him.

Now, the Great Man Above was displeased with his children because of the anger they held toward each other. And while they stood

facing each other, filled with wrath, behold! he transformed them into stone, because of their great wickedness. And there they have remained to this day. The basket, which the woman threw at her husband lies upturned beside him, transformed into stone, and Tis-se-yak's face is tear-stained with long, dark lines trailing down.

## THE MAIDEN WHO WAS BLESSED BY THE BUFFALO AND THE CORN

An Arikara Tradition re-told from Dorsey's *Traditions of the Arikara* collected under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute.

IN an Arikara village, long ago, there lived a woman with her baby girl. One day, late in the summer, when the ripened vegetables and corn were lying in great heaps near the lodge, the rain began to fall. The woman stood in the doorway with her baby in her arms.

"I must place the corn and vegetables in shelter from the rain," she thought, "they will spoil if they become wet, and then we shall have great hunger when the cold snows of winter are about us."

In her excitement and anxiety, the mother forgot the bed whereon she might place the babe, and laid her upon the buffalo skull before the altar. Then she hastened to her duties.

The buffalo skull saw the baby and thought: "The mother hath given me this child for my own. *Hi-ni; hi-ni*;—thou hath pleased, thou hath pleased me by giving me this baby."



Now, over the buffalo skull, there hung an ear of corn in which dwelt the spirit of Mother-Corn. Understanding the buffalo's thought she said:

"The mother did not give to thee the baby. She placed it there for thee and me to watch over and protect while she is gathering in her food from the rain. Let us, now, bless the baby. Let us give of our power to this child, so shall she be a blessing to her people."

And the buffalo skull answered: "It is well." So the two blessed the child, and gave of their power freely.

As the little girl grew, she gave indications of possessing power given by the gods. She would eat no corn or squash, but only that food which Mother-Corn would partake of when she made herself manifest to her children. As the maiden grew to womanhood, she was ever willing and able to help those in need of her. Was one sick? The maiden caused the sickness to disappear. Was one sorrowful? That one the maiden comforted. And for these deeds of hers, was she honoured and loved by all her tribe.

When the maiden was grown to womanhood, there came a famine upon the village, when death and distress could not be driven away by the power of the medicine men. And the people visited the maiden who had been blessed by the

buffalo and the corn, and asked her to help them.

"It is well, my people," she answered them. "I can give to thee aid." Then she went throughout the village, pausing at every lodge.

"Open the cellar and clean it," she said to every one. This the people did, and they gave to the maiden the corn and the other vegetables they had been saving for seed. The maiden again passed through the village. Again she paused at every lodge.

"What keepest thou in thy cellar?" she asked. And whatever they answered, corn, or beans, or squash, the maiden placed the seed of that vegetable in the cellar. "Open the cellar in four days," she said and passed on to another lodge. Into every lodge of the village entered the maiden, placing the seeds and saying, "Open the cellar in four days."

When, at last, the fourth day arrived, the people hastened to their cellars and there they beheld in great abundance the corn and beans and squashes and all other vegetables, the seeds of which the maiden had placed there.

And all the people blessed Mother-Corn, and made offerings to her and to the spirit of the buffalo. For it was through their power that the maiden had been able to drive the famine and sickness from them.

## THE TRUSTWORTHY ONE

A Tradition of the Caddo, re-told from Dorsey's *Traditions of the Caddo*, collected under the auspices of the Carnegie Institute.

**I**N the beginning of the world, there were no plants or vegetables for the people, and one day, the Great Father seeing the needs of his children, created the seed of all growing things. Then the Great Father thought:

“How shall I give these seeds to the earth-children? Who is there trustworthy enough to carry these precious gifts for me?”

And the Great Father above looked about upon his people. “Who among all these I have created is trustworthy enough to carry these precious gifts for me?” he again thought, as he passed in and out among his people. At last, in a quiet place, the Great Father saw the Snake-woman.

“Ah! that one is wise, that one is trustworthy. I will give these seeds to the Snake-woman, and I will tell her about them,” he determined, “so that she may teach my children of the earth.”

So the Great Father above gave to the Snake-

woman seeds of all things that would grow upon earth. He taught her how to plant them, and how to care for them while they were young, and how to gather them when they were ripe, and how to prepare them for food.

After all these things, the Snake-woman called her two sons, who helped her carry the seeds throughout the world to the people. She gave six seeds of each kind to every person, teaching him about them all that the Great Father had told to her.

“But remember,” she said, “the seeds belong to me until they are ripe. Allow no one to touch them, or even to point at them while they are growing. Especially allow no young children to tamper with them. For if thou shouldst do this, a great curse will I send upon thee. I will send a poisonous serpent to bite thee. If any one gathers the seed before it is ripe, him also, will I punish. To that one also, will I send the poisonous serpent.”

And the people promised the Snake-woman that they would obey her words. And from that day parents tell their children about the Snake-woman and the gifts she brought to them from the Great Father. And no child would touch, or even point at a growing plant, in fear of the serpent which the Snake-woman threatened to send upon them.

After the Snake-woman had gone through-

out the world instructing the people about the seeds, in every way even as the Great Father had taught her, she returned to her home in the country above, to the quiet place where the Great Father had sought her to do his bidding, because she was worthy of his trust.

## THE MAIDEN AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

### A PONKA LEGEND

**I**N the long ago, when men were as animals and animals were as men, some Indians encamped in a great forest. Near them was the den of a Grizzly bear, but this the people did not know.

One day a maiden gathering fuel wandered near the den of the Grizzly bear. The Grizzly bear came to her and talked with her. And when she returned to the encampment she thought continually of Mangtshu, Grizzly bear; but she told no one of this thing. Day after day the maiden went alone to gather wood for the fire, and day after day she spent long hours with the Grizzly bear.

Behold! she loved the Grizzly bear.

One day a stranger, wandering through the forest, came upon the bear's den, and there he saw the Grizzly bear stretched out asleep. When he reached the encampment he said:

"A Grizzly bear is near you. He is yonder fast asleep in his den. Beware, lest he kill one of the people suddenly."

Then the men gathered together to surround the den and kill the bear, and the maiden's father went with them.

"O Dadiha, father," she called, running after her father, "please bring me the skin of the Grizzly bear."

They killed the Grizzly bear, and the father begged of all the people to give him the skin; therefore it was given to him. Then the father carried the skin to his wigwam and said to the mother:

"Fasten down the skin yonder."

But the maiden quickly took the skin and went away alone and began working upon it. And as she worked she cried continually, whispering. "Ay-thah! Ay-thah!"

Her little sister saw her weeping, and went to her trying to comfort her. But the maiden did not notice her. She continued weeping and whispering, "Ay-thah! Ay-thah!"

"Mother," called the little sister, "this one when she works on the skin of the Grizzly bear says nothing but, 'Ay-thah! Ay-thah!'"

Then the maiden ceased her sorrowing, and so the mother saw her working quietly on the bear skin. But when the mother was again at her work in the distance, the maiden began her weeping and her moaning of "Ay-thah! Ay-thah!"

Again the little sister called, "Mother, this





AS SHE WORKED SHE CRIED CONTINUALLY, WHISPERING "AY-THAH! AY-THAH!"



one, when she works on the skin of the Grizzly bear says nothing but 'Ay-thah! Ay-thah!'

But the mother continued at her work in the distance and the maiden was alone with her sorrow. At last the work on the bear skin was finished and she placed it to dry. When it was dried, the children were playing games, and she who had loved the Grizzly bear joined them in their sport.

"O little sister, go after my Grizzly bear skin," she said. So the little sister brought her the skin and the maiden tied it about her whole body. Then, crying regularly, like a Grizzly bear, she sprang upon them. The terrified children fled to safety.

"The Grizzly bear will attack us," they cried. Then she who had loved the Grizzly bear took off the skin and was as she had been before.

But upon another day they played the game and again the children were terrified, and again their fears died away when the maiden had laid aside the bear skin. And again they played the game. But the fourth time they played together, when the maiden tried to take off the Grizzly bear's skin, *it clung to her. She had become a Grizzly bear!* Soon she had destroyed all her little playmates—all were killed except her little sister. She alone remained. Then she who had become a Grizzly bear ran

throughout the encampment destroying all the lodges and all the people. Only those escaped who were away hunting.

Then this one went to the bear's den, taking with her her little sister whom she placed near the entrance of the den. She, herself, went to the back of the den and fell asleep. Day after day she would say to her little sister:

"You have hunger. Go to the place of the lodges and eat."

One day when the little sister was nearing the destroyed lodge of her father she saw four men there. Behold! they were her brothers. They had returned from a long hunting trip to find the encampment destroyed and the dead bodies of the people scattered about. And their little sister stood before them, crying:

"Oh! elder brothers, our sister has utterly destroyed those who dwelt in the village."

"Why did she so?" they asked.

"Elder brothers, my sister is now a Grizzly bear," and the little sister kept on with her crying.

"Do not cry," they comforted her. "We will plan a way of escape from her. What time does she allow you to go out for food?"

"I come at this time every morning. But do you sleep yonder, under those trees. It is near the den, and I will not have so far to journey in the morning." Then the little sister

sped back to the bear's den. The Grizzly bear threw back her head and sniffed the air.

"I smell human beings," she declared. "You have been near human beings. Tell me where they are."

Again and again the child denied it, and at last wearied with arguing, they both fell asleep.

The next morning the little sister left the bear's den at the usual time, and soon came upon her brothers in hiding. Then they hastened away without stopping. In one place they came to a creek, and one brother took off his moccasins and leggings, and waded across, carrying his sister upon his back; and then they fled straight across the country.

Now when the sun was high over the forest, and the little sister had not returned to the bear's den, she who had become a Grizzly bear followed upon the trail and gained upon the fugitives. At last she saw them kindling a fire.

"Yes, wherever you go," she said, "how can you escape me?"

Then they hurried away with the Grizzly bear still following upon their trail. Soon they saw her near again, and one brother caused four mountain peaks to rise behind them. The Grizzly bear must cross over each peak, and by that time they would be far away. But soon they looked behind.

"Oho! your sister has come in sight. Do your best," they said to one another. So they went on, she following them. She almost overtook them.

Then the eldest brother caused thorns to spring from the ground. They grew very close together like a hedge. The Grizzly bear made her way through them, torn and bleeding and crying on account of the thorns.

"You have made me suffer so much, you shall surely die," she called to them.

Then the second brother created a dense forest, and beyond that many bushes close together covering a large tract of land. The Grizzly bear travelled slowly and painfully through these, and at last came in sight of her brothers and her little sister.

"As you have made me suffer not a little," she said, "all of you shall surely die."

Then the third brother said:

"I will now make an attempt to save our lives." He caused to grow very sharp thorns, resembling awls. They pierced through and through the foot. The Grizzly bear walked, scattering blood at every step. Again she overtook them.

"As you have made me suffer not a little," she said again, moaning with pain, "all of you shall surely die."

She was now close upon them, and the young-

est brother, putting forth all his strength, willed that the ground should open in front of her. And as the Grizzly bear jumped over the chasm, the parting of the ground became wider and wider, and *she fell into the darkness below.*

The brothers returned to the place and killed her. Then the ground came together as it had been before, covering that one who had loved and who had become like that which she had loved.

'And this was in the long ago, when men were as animals and animals were as men.



## THE STORY OF NISH-FANG, A HUPA MAIDEN

Re-told from U. S. Geol. and Geog. Survey of Rocky Mt. Region. Contributions to N. A. Ethnology, Vol. III.

**T**HERE was once a Hupa maiden named Nish-Fang. She dwelt over the mountains a journey of four sleeps from her own people.

Now, it happened that there came to Nish-Fang that experience so full of mystery, which indicated to her that she had entered the estate of womanhood. And Nish-Fang was filled with the desire to return to her own people that she might be ushered into the sisterhood of women. For without these observances, she must forever remain an outcast from her tribe, dishonoured and despised.

Nish-Fang had been trained by her mother and her grandmother in the knowledge of all that pertains to the life of an Indian woman, and she knew that she must fast nine days, before she could be fitted for the consecrating ritual of the puberty dance. Nish-Fang's heart was so filled with the desire and longing

to prepare herself for the ancient custom, that she determined to begin her fast at once, and not wait until she had reached her own village. So for three days she fasted, and then with a group of Hupa maidens, she set out for her home. There were rough mountains to climb, and deep cañons to cross, and wild, lonesome forests to pass through, and Nish-Fang was weak and faint from fasting when she began her journey. Yet, as she went forward, Nish-Fang carefully kept her face covered with both hands; for no man might see her face, during her nine days of fasting. Should that happen, that one would surely die! So, weary and stumbling, Nish-Fang kept her face buried in her hands. Sometimes when her strength utterly failed her, the maidens with her would hold up her hands for her, and sometimes they would group themselves about her while she rested.

The trail was hard to follow, for the mountains were rough and rocky, and very steep, and the valleys were thick with thorns and sharp-pointed rocks. But these did not cause Nish-Fang to falter, or think of going back. Ever before her thoughts was the sacred ritual she must observe, or else forever after be an outcast from her tribe. So, with this thought to spur her on, she staggered along upon her journey.

Once, they passed through a great, silent forest of giant red-wood trees, so tall that they seemed to brush against the sky. Then they entered a deep cañon where the daylight was hidden from them by the unfriendly branches of the red-wood trees, where the shrieks of the coyote pierced the darkness, filling them with fear.

But ever as they journeyed, Nish-Fang kept her face buried in her hands. Once, a pack-train passed them, and although the travellers were the ancient enemies of Nish-Fang's people, and one glance from her might have destroyed them all, every one,—yet the maiden closely covered her face, and the enemies thought that a poor, blind woman was tottering along the way, never thinking how near they were to death!

At last, the long, difficult journey was nearly ended. Under a large, lonely fig-tree they rested and drank of the cool water from the spring. The maidens gathered about Nish-Fang to help her on this last stretch of the way. But, Nish-Fang could go no farther. She sank to the ground in a swoon, but even in her unconsciousness she still kept her face closely covered.

Her companions lifted her from the ground and carried her down the mountain, under the cool trees, and at last, they entered their own



*Photo by Goddard. By courtesy of Bureau of American Ethnology.*

A HUPA WOMAN.

A member of the "Society of Women."



native village, where kindly arms carried her to her home.

And there, when the nine days' fasting was finished, in the shadow of a little grove of oak trees, the Hupa danced around her and chanted the ancient chorals of the puberty dance. Then the priest lifted her by the hand, and the maiden Nish-Fang became a woman of her tribe.



## THE OGRESS AND THE MOTHER

A Legend of Vancouver Island re-told from *Schoolcraft*.

IN the days of the Ancients, there lived on Vancouver Island a terrible ogress. Her teeth were long, like the teeth of a wolf; and her finger-nails were just like sharp claws. Now the dreadful thing about this ogress was, that she could transform herself into a harmless-looking little squirrel whenever she wished.

Like all ogresses, she ate little children whenever she could secure them. She would turn herself into a cunning little grey squirrel and dart about among the children at play. Then she would capriciously lure them deeper and deeper into the forest, nearer and nearer her cave, until, at last, the children would find themselves imprisoned in the den of the terrible ogress. And many and many were the broken hearts, and many and many were the empty cradles that the ogress left in the dismal lodges.

One day, a little boy was playing near the edge of the forest, and his mother said to him:

“Child of mine, do not wander in the forest,



for the terrible ogress may seize you. Then would the lodge be empty and dark and cold."

And the child promised his mother that he would not enter the forest. But, as soon as his mother had turned away, there stood before the child a bright-eyed little squirrel. It looked up into the child's face and chirped. The child laughed, and put out his hand to catch the friendly little fellow. But the squirrel hopped ahead a little way and chirped again. This made the boy all the more eager to gain possession of the bright little animal. He forgot the warning of his mother, and followed the squirrel into the forest. Farther and farther into the deep woods he went, not noticing that he was in a strange part of the forest, far, far from home. At last, just as it seemed to the child that the squirrel *could not* escape him, he found himself in a cave, and there before him stood—instead of the friendly little squirrel—a *terrible ogress*, with long teeth, and sharp, cruel claws.

The ogress seized the boy and was just going to eat him, *when something happened!*

The child's mother, busy about the lodge, felt her heart grow cold within her. She quickly drew aside the skins in the doorway and looked for that one, who had been playing so happily in the sunshine near the edge of the

forest. He was not there. She ran to the place where she had left him, and found the trail he had made. And she knew, at once, that he had been lured into the forest by the terrible ogress. She quickly followed the trail, weeping bitterly.

“Alas, alas! My child, my little one!” she mourned. Then, in her despair, she cried aloud to the Great Spirit.

“O Great Spirit! Great Medicine! Save my son—in *any way—in any form!*”

And the great, good Father looked down upon the poor mother, as she stumbled along the trail, blinded by her tears—and he pitied her.

And, lo! the child in the ogress’s claws grew small, and its dark skin turned into fur, and there slid from the ogress’s grasp a merry, bright-eyed squirrel. But upon its sides it bore the marks of the sharp claws of the ogress, as she tried to keep him in her grasp. And these marks may be seen, even to this day, upon the descendants of that squirrel.

When the child, in the form of the squirrel, ran out of the ogress’s cave, he followed the trail toward his home, and soon he came upon his mother. And the mother-love recognised her son.

“Ah, my child, my dear one! The Great

Spirit has saved thee from the hands of the cruel ogress.”

And then the mother turned from the deep forest, content that the Great Spirit had heard her prayer.

## KOROBONA THE STRONG OF HEART

### A GUIANA LEGEND

**L**ONG ago, when the Warus first dwelt upon the earth, there lived the beautiful maiden Korobona. This one was as wilful as she was beautiful; and she was as brave of heart, as she was wilful and beautiful.

There was a lake whose waters were so clear that Korobona could look into it and see her own happy "other self" smiling back at her. The maiden, Korobona, might drink of the clear, cold water, but she might not bathe in it. For her father had said to her and to her four brothers and to her younger sister:

"Drink of the water, but do not bathe therein, or great harm will follow. This the Great Spirit commanded us when he created it for our use.

"Once we lived in a happy region above the sky, where beautiful birds abounded and provided our hunters with game. One day, it happened, that a young hunter sped an arrow after a bird. But the arrow missed its mark and fell to the ground. The hunter, while

searching for the arrow, found an opening in the earth through which the arrow had fallen. He looked down, and there far below him, he saw this lower world stretched out beneath, with herds of animals feeding and roaming through its green forests.

“‘I shall travel thence, also,’ he determined. So he told his people about this wonderful place below, and they helped him make a ladder of cotton, and held it for him while he climbed down into the regions far below. There he found so much game that he hastened back to the heavenly regions to tell his people about the wonders he had seen.

“The place below, teeming with animals waiting to be killed and eaten, seemed so wonderful to the sky people, that they hungered to taste of the food, which they thought must be better than that provided for them by the Great Spirit. So without waiting for the consent of the Great Spirit, they ran to the hole in the sky, and down the cotton ladder to the earth below.

“Now, the entire tribe of Waru had climbed down the ladder except one fat, old woman. And when she tried to climb through the opening in the sky, she found it to be too small. Then she struggled to climb back to the sky country again, but she could not do that. She is there to this day, closing the entrance to the

sky country, so that the Warus could never return.

"The Great Spirit was still kind to his children, although they had left their beautiful country in sky land which he had prepared for them. He made for them the Essequibo River and other streams, and then he made for them this lake of delicious water, charging them only to drink of it, but never to bathe therein, or evil would ensue.

"This was the command of the Great Spirit. See to it, my children, that ye obey."

These words the Waru chieftain had spoken to Korobona, the wilful, beautiful one, and to her four brothers, and to her younger sister. All remembered the words of their father and obeyed them. The sons obeyed without question, but Korobona and her sister wondered why the Great Spirit should have placed such a taboo upon the clear sparkling water.

Often they would sit beside the water and try to solve the mystery. At length, one evil day, Korobona said:

"Let us solve this mystery! Let us go into the forbidden place!"

And the maidens ventured into the water. As they swam about they saw far out in the middle of the lake something that looked like a tree growing in the water.

"Perhaps this will solve the mystery,"

Korobona said. "Let us go to it." But the younger sister's courage gave way, and she fled back to the shore.

Korobona, strong of heart, approached the tree, and seizing it, shook it, saying: "Tell me now, what mystery do you conceal? I have disobeyed my father: I have not observed the command of the Great Spirit: I have come: now tell me what mystery you hold from my people?"

Suddenly the waters parted and before Korobona, stood a handsome youth.

"I am the Spirit of the lake," he said. "You have broken the charm that held me. Now, hereafter, you must belong to me. You must be my wife."

So Korobona became the wife of the Spirit of the lake. She lived with her people as before, but visited the lake in secret. Even the younger sister knew nothing of the youth who had answered Korobona's summons.

Then there came to Korobona a child—a wonderful boy. His beauty was so great that Korobona's brothers loved him, even though his mother refused to tell them about his father, who lived in his home under the lake. Then, again, a child was given to Korobona. And she fled secretly to the forest with it. Korobona's heart was filled with a great mother-



love for the child, for he was deformed. In her heart was the thought:

“It may be that the Great Spirit is punishing me for my disobedience. Or perhaps my husband, the Spirit of the lake, is testing my courage. Who can tell?”

So Korobona dwelt in secret in the forest with her child, the upper part of whose body was beautifully formed, but the lower part of which was like that of the python of the rivers and swamps of Guiana.

At length, Korobona’s secret was discovered. The brothers stole to the forest, and when the mother had left the child alone, they transfixed it with arrows, and hastened away leaving it, as they thought, dead.

When Korobona returned to her child—that one smitten by the Great Spirit—she found the body still warm, pierced with the arrows of her brothers. Then, that one strong of heart carefully withdrew the arrows and bound up the wounds. And then she, by the power of her mother-love, called it back to life again.

Yet again, the brothers became suspicious, for they saw that Korobona made frequent visits to the forest. They followed her and saw her with that one whom they supposed dead, now large and strong.

“This creature will overpower us,” they said. “We must make an end of him. Hav-

ing tried to kill him, we must forever be considered his foes. He will surely destroy us." So the brothers made many arrows and put their other weapons in order.

Korobona seeing them thus, asked: "Why are these preparations going on? Is there war upon us?"

But they answered her evasively, making known, in this way, the thoughts in their hearts. Then Korobona fled to the forest and the brothers pursued her.

"If I may but reach my child and save him," the mother thought.

But the brothers were close upon her, and as she neared the place in the forest where the child was wont to meet her, the arrows sent by her brothers passed on before her and struck the child, who staggered to his mother's arms for refuge.

Korobona struggled to hold him from her brothers. Her arms, although so strong to defend the child, were forced open, and before her eyes her child—helpless because of his deformity—was destroyed. Then the brothers left her with the parts of the child's body scattered over the ground about her.

And Korobona's heart did not fail her in the forest. She gathered up the parts of the body and placed them together, covering them with fresh, green leaves; and in her great

mother-love she brooded over them. Then, there slowly arose from the leaves, *an Indian warrior of majestic and terrible appearance*. His brow was of a brilliant red; he held bow and arrows in his hand, and he was equipped for instant battle.

“My mother,” he said. And Korobona looking upon him knew that she beheld the father of a great, powerful race. Her son, that warrior who stood before her, was the first Carib.

At once, he began the task of revenge for the wrongs he had suffered in his former existence. Neither his uncles nor any of the Waru race could stand before him. He drove them hither and thither. He, the child of Korobona, the strong of heart, became the father of the race which has driven the Waru out from the country, and at last into the swampy regions where they now dwell.

Such was the work accomplished by the beautiful maiden—by the woman, powerful in her great mother-love, by Korobona, the strong of heart.

## THE SECRET OF DOWANHOTANINWIN

### A SIOUX LEGEND

**T**HE maiden Dowanhotaninwin, Her-Sing-ing-Heard, lived alone with her grandparents. They had been father and mother to her since her tenth year.

One day of her childhood was always very near to Dowanhotaninwin—that last day she had had her mother. They had begun the day's work without thought of danger, and soon their happy activity was interrupted by the cry of danger. Then the little Dowanhotaninwin saw strange warriors running about the village and she heard the screams of their victims. Then she saw her father surrounded by these people, and when they left him, he was quiet and still upon the ground, and they carried his scalp with them. And then the child saw them seize her mother and carry her away a captive.—But Dowanhotaninwin they had not seen in her hiding place. When the savages had gone, the maiden crept away to her grandmother's wigwam, and there she had lived from that day.

“Why do the people delight in killing one

another?" she would ask herself, as the years went by. "My people go out on the warpath or on hunting expeditions and they fall upon poor people, just as the Sacs and Foxes fell upon us. And I know that my people have left many wigwams desolate, many maidens have they left sorrowful, just as I have been left deprived of my mother and my father."

Sometimes when the old men of the village were gathered together talking of former days of valour, the maiden Dowanhotaninwin would appear before them, standing silently with downcast eyes. And then at length one would say:

"Speak maiden," for she was ever a favourite with the people. The child raising her eyes would unfailingly ask:

"Why do people delight in destroying one another? The Great Spirit made all. Is it pleasing to the Great Spirit for his people to kill one another? The Great Spirit cannot be glad when children are made desolate without father to provide for them and without mother to protect and to comfort them."

And the old warriors would answer uneasily, "Daughter, we do not know the thoughts of the Great Spirit, but we know that this is an ancient custom, and the warrior who secures the greatest number of scalp-locks is the most honoured warrior among us. This is the custom."

Now, as Dowanhotaninwin pondered over these things, there came to her the thought that she might help destroy this time-honoured custom, at least to the extent that she might be the means of forming a compact of friendship between her people and the cruel Sacs and Foxes. Gradually she made the determination not to marry one of her own people, the Sioux, but she would give herself in marriage to a warrior of the Sacs and Foxes. This formation of a blood brotherhood would end all enmity between these tribes.

This was the secret of Dowanhotaninwin.

It seemed that the Great Spirit must have thought to requite her, in a measure, for the loss of her parents, for Dowanhotaninwin had more gifts than is usual for one maiden to possess. She was unusually womanly and beautiful. No maiden was more skilled than she in all the arts that contribute to the happiness and prosperity of a wigwam. The bravest warriors sought her, but Dowanhotaninwin quietly turned them away, hiding her secret in her heart. There were those who thought, "If I can do great injury to the tribe that bereft her of her parents, she will look with favour upon me." But those, too, were turned away, although year after year she was sought in marriage.

The years passed and found Dowanhotanin-



win unmarried at thirty years of age. She was still cherishing this great purpose of her life. In all the years no one but her grandparents knew of her secret. Then the great opportunity came to her.

One summer, messengers were sent by the Great White Father to make a treaty of peace between the Sioux and their ancient enemy the Sacs and Foxes. And while this was being discussed, there was a flag of truce. The warriors of the Sacs and Foxes mingled freely with the Sioux, where Dowanhotaninwin was seen.

To one of them there came the same longing that had possessed so many of the Sioux warriors. If Dowanhotaninwin might but be in his wigwam! So he sought her in secret. Even while her old lovers were vying with each other in urging their suit, planning to have an inter-tribal celebration of her wedding, Dowanhotaninwin fled by night with her lover to the camp of the Sacs and Foxes.

To the Sioux warriors this seemed an insult not to be borne. That this one should choose, of all people, one from those who had made her life sorrowful! Only the presence of the messengers of the Great White Father kept them from avenging the injury.

In the midst of their anger and resentment, there came to them the call to a public meet-



ing. When they were assembled, the aged grandfather of Dowanhotaninwin arose.

“Warriors, my younger brothers,” he said, “do not let this act of the maiden trouble your hearts. Long ago, when deprived of her father and mother, she saw that tribal warfare was wrong and displeasing to the Great Spirit. And as she grew to womanhood, she made the vow to form a bond of blood brotherhood between our tribe and those who had caused her such sorrow. So she set herself apart as an offering. She tried to excel in all things that pertain to womanhood, that her offering might be the more pleasing to the Great Spirit. And she kept the secret in her heart. She has now carried out her high purpose. See to it that you do your part. I have spoken.”

The old man had no sooner taken his seat, than a herald of the Sacs and Foxes was seen approaching. High in one hand he held the American flag, and in the other hand he carried the pipe of peace. He was in ceremonial garb. He went among them singing a peace song, then passing the peace-pipe, he invited all—from the oldest to the youngest—to the wedding feast of Dowanhotaninwin, Her-Singing-Heard. Thus ended the enmity between these tribes.

Such was the secret of Dowanhotaninwin, the Sioux maiden.

## THE LAMENT OF AN IROQUOIS MOTHER OVER THE BODY OF HER SON

This *Lament* was furnished to Lewis H. Morgan by *Ha-sa-no-an-da*, Ely S. Parker, who heard it delivered.

“**I**N ancient times, the practice prevailed of addressing the dead before burial, under the belief that they could hear, although unable to answer. The near relatives and friends, or such as were disposed, approached the body in turn; and after the wail had ceased, they addressed it in a pathetic or laudatory speech. The practice has not even yet entirely fallen into disuse.

“The following address of an Iroquois mother over the body of her son was made on a recent occasion. Approaching his inanimate remains to look upon him for the last time, her grief for some moments was uncontrollable. Presently, her wailing ceased and she thus addressed him:

““My son, listen once more to the words of thy mother. Thou wert brought into life with her pains. Thou wert nourished with her life. She has attempted to be faithful in raising thee up.

“ ‘When thou wert young, she loved thee as her life. Thy presence has been a source of great joy to her. Upon thee she depended for support and comfort in her declining days.

“ ‘She had ever expected to gain the end of the path of life before thee. But thou hast outstripped her, and gone before her. Our great and wise Creator has ordered it thus. By his will I am left to taste more of the miseries of this world.

“ ‘Thy friends and relatives have gathered about thy body, to look upon thee for the last time. They mourn as with one mind, thy departure from among us.

“ ‘We, too, have but a few days more, and our journey shall be ended. We part now, and thou art conveyed from our sight. But we shall soon meet again, and shall again look upon each other. Then we shall part no more.

“ ‘Our Maker has called thee to His home. Thither shall we follow. *Na-ho!*’ ”

## NOTES

### ALQUIPISO—AN ONEIDA LEGEND

The position of women among the Oneidas was a most enviable one, so far, at least, as "women's rights" is concerned, for there were women chieftains having approximately the same rights, privileges, and immunities as men chiefs. Perhaps this made it possible for them to produce such a maiden as Aliquipiso.

The village of the Oneidas suggests the one described by Arent Van Curler, in 1634, with near it "tremendously high land, that seemed to lie in the clouds."

### THE DEVOTED DAUGHTER

This account of a Shawnee maiden's devotion to her parents is an apt illustration of this characteristic of the Indian maiden. It is related by John D. Hunter in his *Memoirs of a Captivity Among the Indians of North America*, published in 1824, who remarks that "the attention and piety of the young females . . . were such as to equal all displays of filial tenderness and patience that ever were made."

### AN ALGONQUIN SONG

This song was given by Mrs. W. Wallace Brown to Mr. John Reade, and published in the *Can. Roy. Soc. Proc.* Vol. V.

### WINONA, THE SIOUX MAIDEN

The name Weenonah or Winona is the most honoured name a Sioux maiden may receive, if she is the eldest child. It means "first born"; but it also signifies more than that; the bearer of the name possesses unusual wisdom; she will be the mother of brave warriors and wise daughters: she will

be hospitable: she will uphold the dignity of the nation. The eldest born may receive this name provisionally, at birth, and if her character during childhood indicates that she is worthy of the name, she receives it formally at adolescence.

This story was told to Major Stephen H. Long, in 1817, by Wazecota the guide of Major Long's party, who witnessed the act of Winona long years before. Keating says: "The feelings and sensations of his youth seemed to be restored; he lost the garrulity of age, but spoke in a manner which showed, that even the breast of an Indian warrior is not proof against the finest feelings of our natures."

#### THE PRINCESS AND THE SHEPHERD

This story is of peculiar interest, because—according to Sir Clements Markham—it is the only Inca fairy tale of its kind which has been preserved. It was told to Fray Martin de Morua, in about 1585, by an Amatus—a learned man of the Incas whose duty it was to explain the *quipu* records—an old man, well versed in Inca Folk-lore.

It is re-told from Markham's *The Incas of Peru*.

#### THE TWO ROCKS IN PASSAMAQUODDY BAY

A Passamaquoddy Legend, told to Mrs. W. Wallace Brown of Calais, Maine, by Sapiel Selmo, keeper of the wampum record which was formerly read every four years at the kindling of the great fire at Canawagha—near Montreal, Canada. It is re-told from the *Royal Society of Canada*, Vol. V, 1887.

#### THE LOVE OF CUSI-COYLLUR

This story is retold from the translation of Sir Clements Markham, who, while in Peru in 1835, made a search for this Manuscript of which he had heard. The then rector of the University at Cuzco (afterwards Bishop of Cuzco) and an aged lady, who possessed a profound knowledge of the folk-lore of her countrymen, guided Mr. Markham in his research work. Acting upon their advice he travelled over the lofty range of mountains to the valleys of the eastern

Andes, where, in a wonderfully picturesque place, lived the last descendant of the Incas, Dr. Pablo Justiniani, curé of the parish, who was reputed to possess the manuscript of Cusi-Coyllur.

This drama-legend was handed down from one generation to another and was put into writing from the mouths of the Indians by Dr. Don Antonio Valdez, before 1782. From this, a copy was made by the father of Dr. Justiniani. It was from this manuscript that Markham made his copy of the play.

This drama is said by Markham to be the most interesting and complete relic of Peruvian literature we possess. The period of the drama is during the reigns of the Inca Pachacuti and his son Tupac Yupanqui. Pachacuti, Markham says, was "the greatest man that the American race has ever produced."

#### HOW GENETASKA DESERTED HER TRUST

This legend of a *house of peace* established by the Iroquois, is not—so far as I can determine—founded upon any fact. I can find no reference to such an institution in Bancroft, Brinton, Morgan or Hale. But, among the Cherokees there was Echoteh, the *City of Refuge and Peace*, where even murderers at least found a temporary asylum. In this City of Refuge lived a group of men called the "Beloved Men," who kept a fire burning continually. These Beloved Men possessed the influence and power of *Sanctuary*. In their presence, blood could not be shed, and even outside the city any one under their protection was secure from all harm. From Galatin's *A Synopsis of the Indian Tribes*, etc., in Transactions of the American Antiquarian Society, 1836.

#### A SONG OF THE TAENSA

The Taensa, whom Brinton says were an unusually cultivated people, were a small tribe dwelling on the banks of the lower Mississippi, now (1883) extinct. An account of them was made by a Spanish missionary. The following song Brinton quotes from *Grammaire et Vocabulaire de la Langue Taensa*,



*avec Textes traduits et commentes. Par J. D. Haumonte, Parisot, et L. Adam. Paris, 1882.*

### THE MAIDEN AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR

The Ponkas with four other tribes who dwell in the Rocky Mountain regions form the Dhegiha branch of the numerous Siouan family.

This remarkable legend was told to the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey by a Ponka chief Nudang-axa, *Cried to go on the War-path*. Mr. Dorsey in his *Myths, Stories and Legends of the Dhegiha* (Contributions to North American Ethnology, Vol. VI), states that since 1871 he has known Nudang-axa, who furnished him with eleven myths and other papers.

The Ponkas must have retained many of those Siouan traits about which Eastman writes so convincingly in his "Soul of the Indian," in order to evolve such a creed as the one discovered in this legend.

The idea of the development of evil in a person is graphically drawn, as well as the fate awaiting such an unfortunate. First there is just the awakening interest in that which appeals to the lower part of one's nature. Then, deeper interest, dwelling in secret thought upon it; the gradual giving up of the higher self until, in the end, the great chasm closes over that one who had loved and *who had become like that which she had loved*.

### THE STORY OF NISH-FANG

This story indicates that the tribe of Indians who could produce people with such strength of purpose as Nish-Fang displayed: whose teachings could inculcate such veneration for ancient customs, must have traits of character peculiar to themselves. Stephen Powers in his government report makes the following statement: "Next after the Karok they are the finest race in all that region, and they even excel them in their statecraft, and in the singular influence, or perhaps brute force, which they exercise over the vicinal tribes. They are the Romans of Northern California in their



valor and their wide-reaching dominions; they are the French in the extended diffusion of their language."

#### KOROBONA—THE STRONG OF HEART

A Waru legend, found in Im Thurn's *Among the Indians of Guiana*, and also in Rev. W. H. Brett's *The Indian Tribes of Guiana*. It is re-told from Brett's work. It was told to Mr. Brett by "a Waru from the remote Aruca, a man very small in stature, but great as an authority in the legends of the people." Mr. Brett asked this Waru whether it were true that the Waru nation had formerly inhabited the banks of the Essequibo, and had been driven thence to the swamps, by the fortunes of war. In reply, the Waru with grave earnestness told Mr. Brett that the original abode of the Warus, according to an ancient belief, was not on this earth at all, but in a wonderful region above the sky, where all were happy, and where there were no wicked men or fierce wild animals to make them afraid. Then the Waru told him the legend of their coming to this earth and of their being conquered by a Carib, who was half of Waru, and half of celestial origin.

#### THE SECRET OF DOWANHOTANINWIN

This legend belongs to one of the most widely extended Indian nations of North America. Charles A. Eastman, a Sioux Indian himself, writes of them, "It is said that the position of women is the test of civilization, and that of our women was secure. In them was vested our standard of morals and the purity of our blood. The wife did not take the name of her husband, nor enter his clan, and the children belonged to the clan of the mother. All the family property was held by her, descent was traced in the maternal line, and the honour of the house was in her hands." It was from such women as these, that Dowanhotaninwin sprung. This legend is re-told from his *Old Indian Days*.

## GLOSSARY OF WORDS

NOTE:—The Indian, having no written language, was entirely dependent upon others for the recording of words; consequently, the recorder spelled the words as they sounded to him. The following list has, presumably, a phonetic spelling and so should be pronounced as spelled—remembering that *a* is pronounced as *a* in father—and *ch* as *ch* in church.

Spelled	Pronounced
Acoya-napa .....	A coy a-na pa
Algonquin .....	Al gone kin
Aliquipiso .....	A li qui pi so
Arikara .....	A ri ka ra
Arselik .....	Ar se lik
Auwasta kena .....	Au was ta ke na
Caddo .....	Cad do
Carib .....	Car ib
Chuqui-llanta .....	Chu qui-llán ta
Colesick .....	Cole sic
Colesnass .....	Co les nass
Coyote .....	Coy ote
Culloo .....	Cul loo
Cusi-Coyllur .....	Cu si-Coyl lur
Dadiha .....	Da dí' ha
Dowanhotaninwin .....	Dow an ho tan in win
Genetaska .....	Ge ne ta ska
Huacaquan .....	Hu a ca quan
Hyas-Tyee .....	Hy as Ty ee
Hiawatha .....	Hi a wa tha
Hupa .....	Hu pa
Inca .....	In ca
Iroquois .....	I ro quah
Ke'tahks .....	Kee tahks

Kienuka .....	Ki en u ka
Klack-a-mass .....	as spelled
Klak-lack-hah .....	as spelled
K'me-wan .....	Ku me wan
Korobona .....	Ko ro bo na
Kuloskap .....	or Glooscap
Laris .....	La ris
La wis wis .....	as spelled
Mangtshu .....	Mang tsoo
Manitto .....	pr Manitou Man it to
Matsaki .....	Mat sa ki
Matsoka .....	Mat so ka
Memelek .....	Mem e lek
Mitchihant ..	Mit chi-hant
Nekahni .....	Ne kah ni
Nipon .....	Ni pon
Nish Fang .....	as spelled
Norbis .....	Nor bis
Norwan .....	Nor wan
Ollanta .....	Ol lan ta
Omeemee .....	Omee mee
Oneida .....	O ni do
Onondaga .....	On-on-da-ga
Oochigeaskw .....	Oo chi ge askw
Oo nah ga mess .....	Oo nah ga mess
Pachacamac .....	Pa cha ca mac
Pachacutic .....	Pa cha cu tic
Passamaquoddy .....	Pas sa ma quod dy
Peeta Quay .....	Pee ta Quay
Pitu Salla .....	Pi tu Sal la
Ponka .....	Ponk a
Pueblo .....	Pu e blo
Quocamayo .....	Quo ca ma yo
Sacajawea .....	Sa ca ja we a
Sahan .....	Sa han
Sayadio .....	Sa ya di o
Sanaxet .....	Sa nax et
Senusoktun .....	Sen u sok tun
Shawnee .....	Shaw nee

Sioux .....	Soo
Skamson .....	Skam son
Taensa .....	or Ten sa
Team .....	Te am
Tedewin .....	Ted e win
Teomul .....	Te o mul
Tikaens .....	or Ti kens
Tisseyak .....	Tis se yak
Tlingit .....	Thling git
Tootah .....	Too tah
Wabanaki .....	Wa ba na ki
Wakontas .....	Wa kon tas
Wapasha .....	Wa pa sha
Waru ..	Wa ru
Winona .....	Wee no nah
Wintun .....	Win tun
Wiwil mekw .....	Wee wil mekw
Xun .....	Ksun
Yma Sumac .....	Ee ma Su mac
Yupanqui .....	Yu pan qui

Bm









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process  
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide  
Treatment Date: March 2010

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